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THE

WOOZLEBEASTS

PICTURES AND RHYMES

THE

WOOZLEBEASTS

PICTURES AND RHYMES

By J. P. BENSON

NEW YORK
MOFFAT, YARD & CO.
1905

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PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER, 1905

J. F. TAPLEY CO.
BOOK MANUFACTURERS
NEW YORK

TO

MARJORIE, PHILIP AND GERTRUDE

AND LITTLE MARY

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The Egsteela

THE Egsteela, fond of a feast,
Is the prickliest kind of a beast.
Where the white ostrich nests
Is the place he infests.
Is he handsome? Oh, not in the least!

The Egsteela,

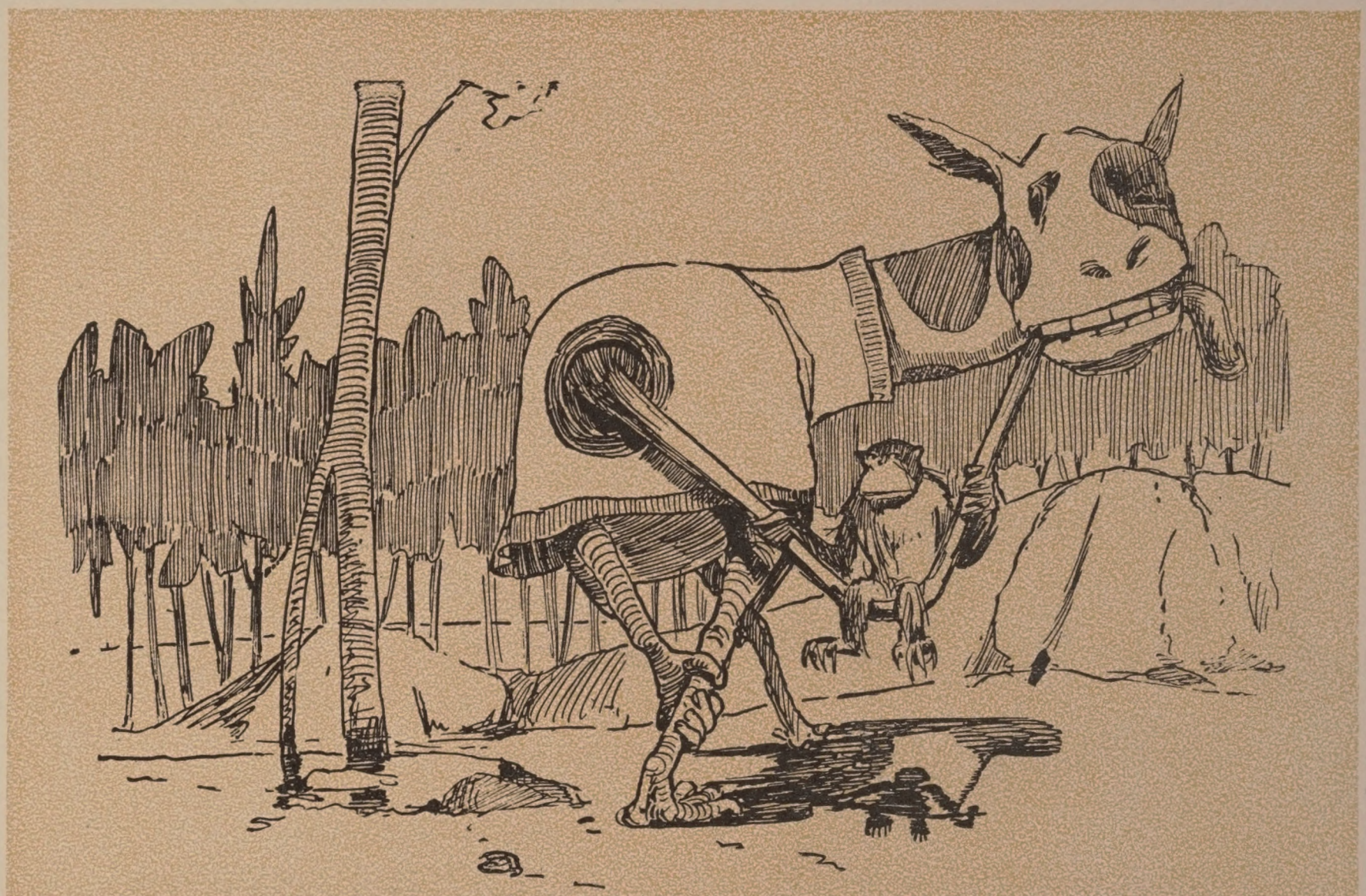
The Phair

SAID the playful but reckless old Phair,
"I will give that young couple a scare;"
And he didn't half try,
But from sweet Marie's cry
He was sure he had startled the pair.

The Phair

The Botong

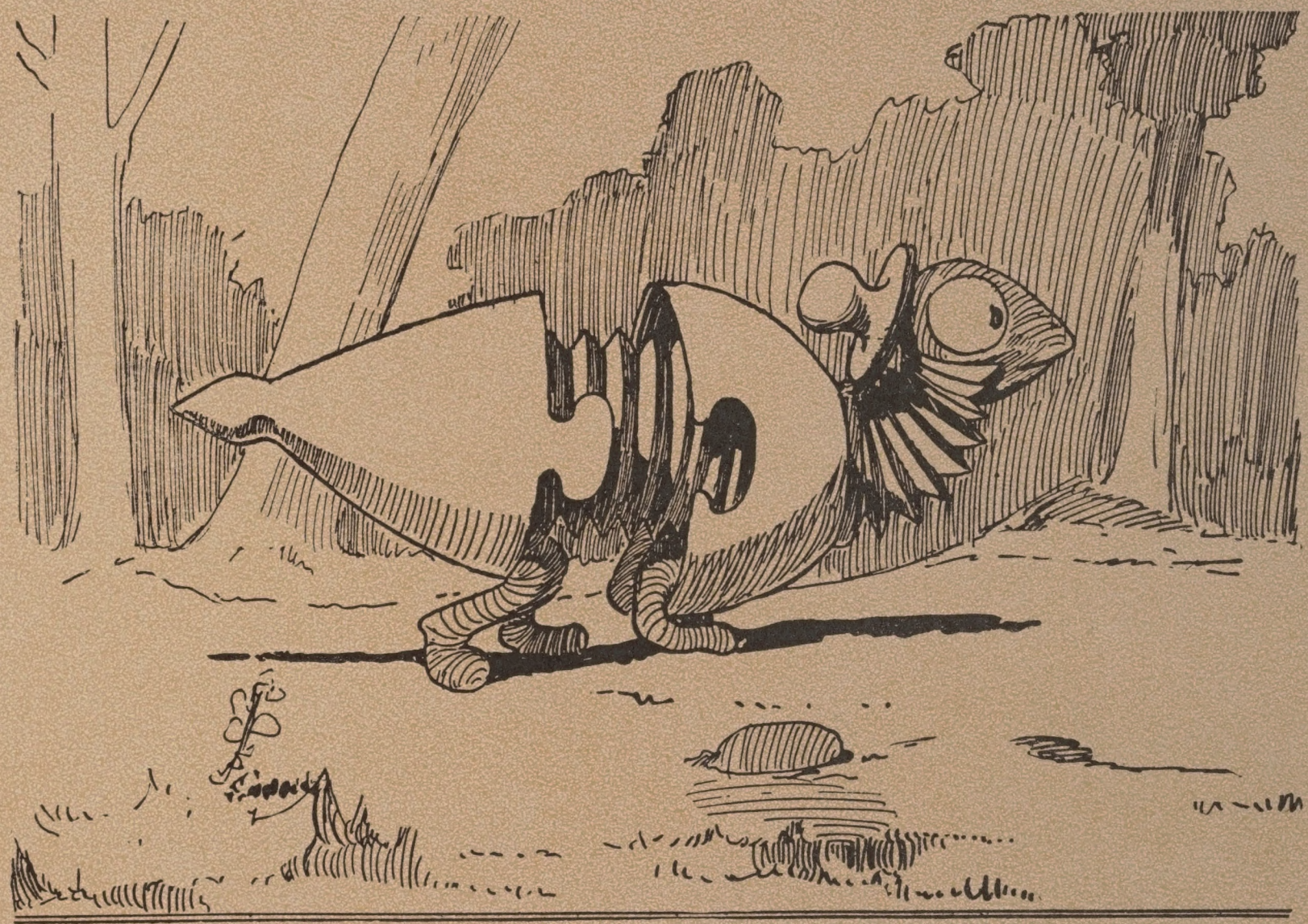
THE monkeys' best friend, the Botong,
Does nothing but play all day long.
He can make them a swing
Or any old thing,
He's so clever and patient and strong.



The Botong

The Whin

When he's low in his spirits the Whin
Just collapses and shuts himself in.
His cover goes flop!
And at once he's a-top;
Just at present he's out for a spin.



The Whin

The Berlite

THE cautious and simple Berlite
Is unable to put up a fight;
So with ear to the ground
He catches each sound,
For his only protection is flight.

The Berlite

The Hippo-Ooray

THE noisy old Hippo-Ooray
Makes a racket twelve hours a day
And at night it's the same,
He lives up to his name
With consistency hard to portray.

The Hippo-Ooray

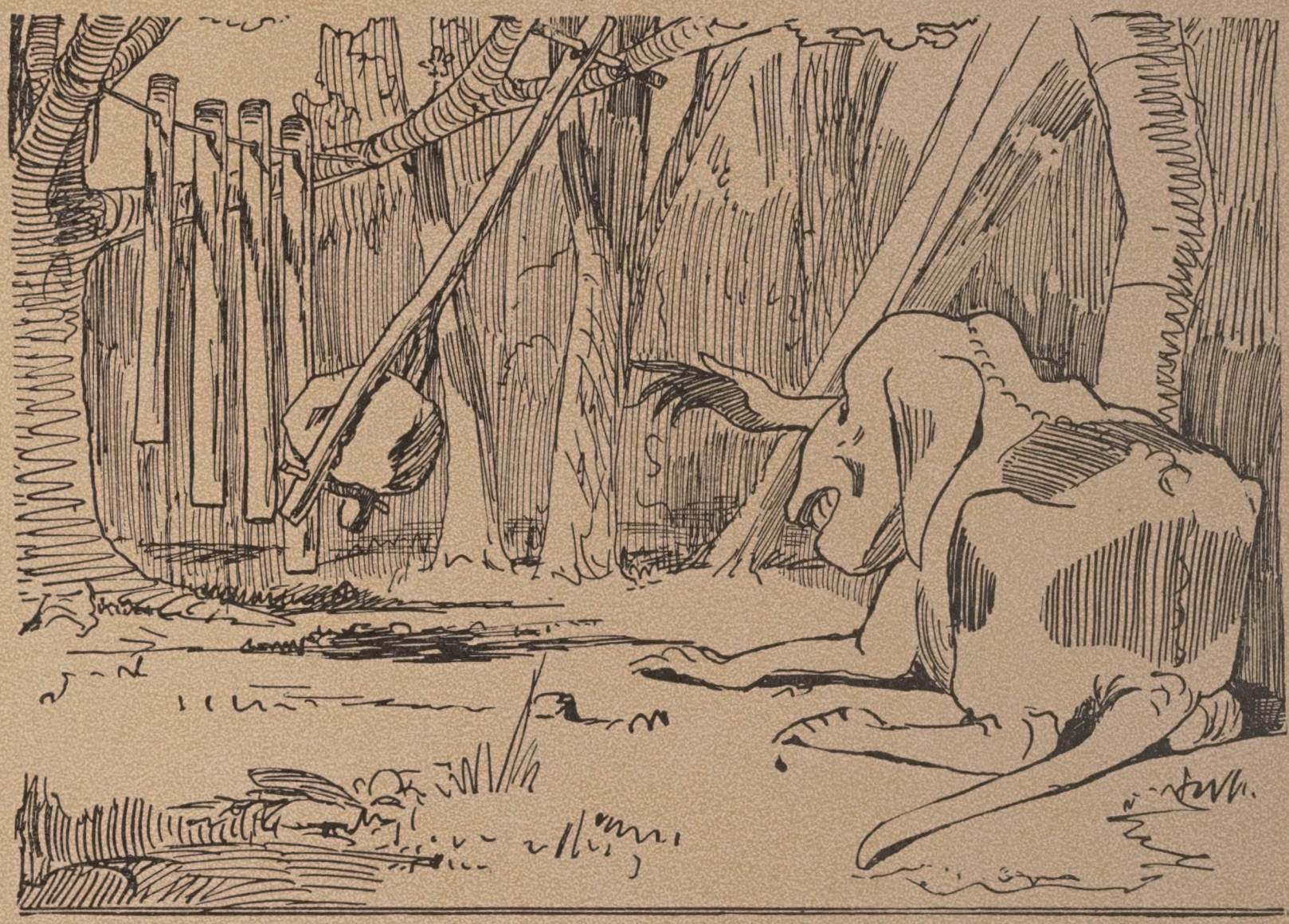
The Perlane

WHEN the Monk tricked the guileless Perlane
It was, as a joke, quite in vain;
Putting up his umbrella,
He said, "My dear feller,
I think it is going to rain."

The Perlane

The Kryme

THE inventive and musical Kryme
Has constructed this strange woodland chime;
He spends all his day
In this innocent way
And is having a beautiful time.



The Kryme

The Chark

As the last one came out of the Ark,
Noah whispered to Ham, "That's the Chark!
It must never be told
We had That in our hold;
I am glad he came out after dark."

The Chark

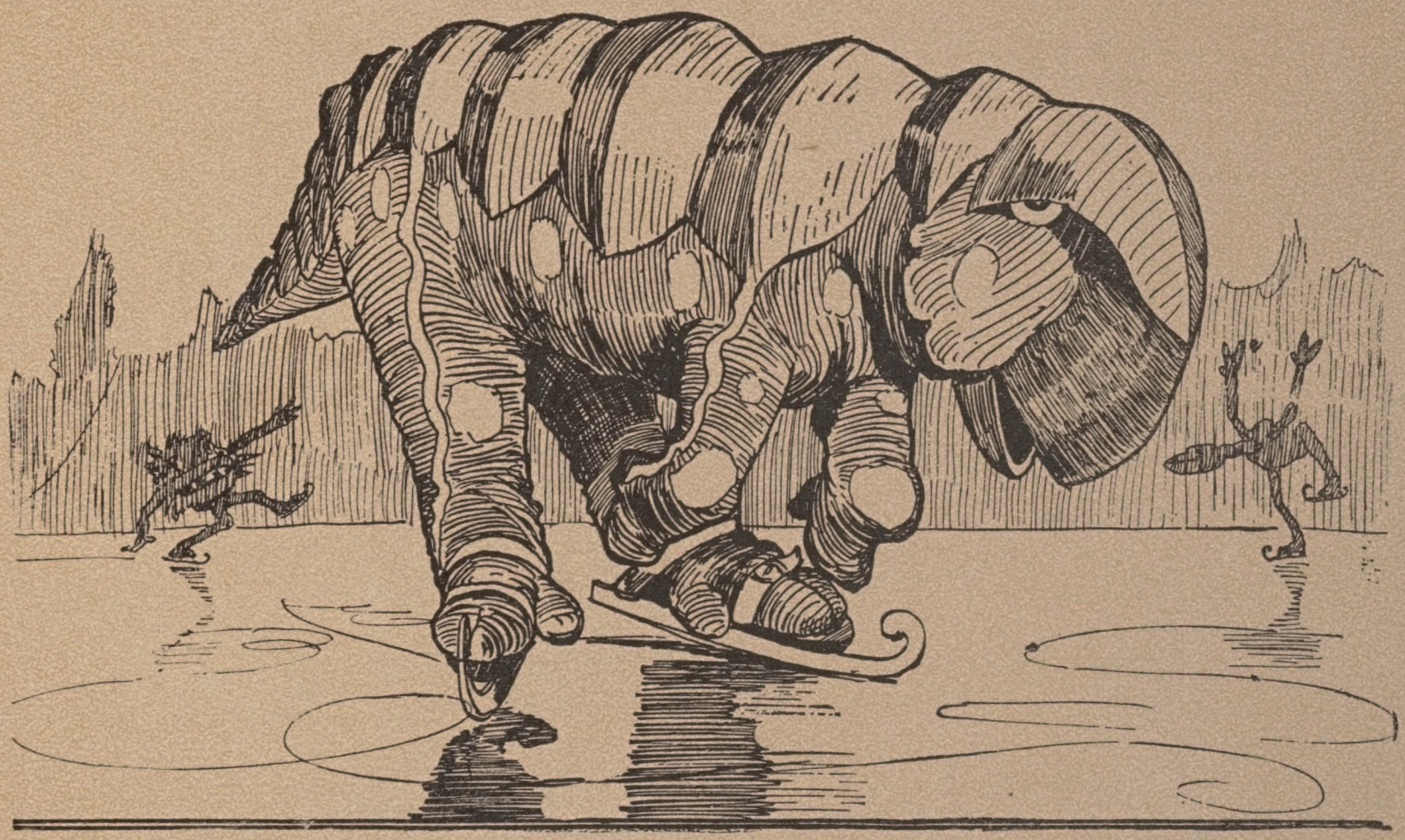
The Blire

The polite but ridiculous Blire
Is really a beast to admire;
For he apes when he can
All the customs of man,
And he finds them not hard to acquire.

The Blire

The Ho-Zay

Up in Ottawa where the Ho-Zay
And other strange animals play
On the rivers and rinks,
Hardly any one thinks
They are anything out of the way.



The Ho-Zay

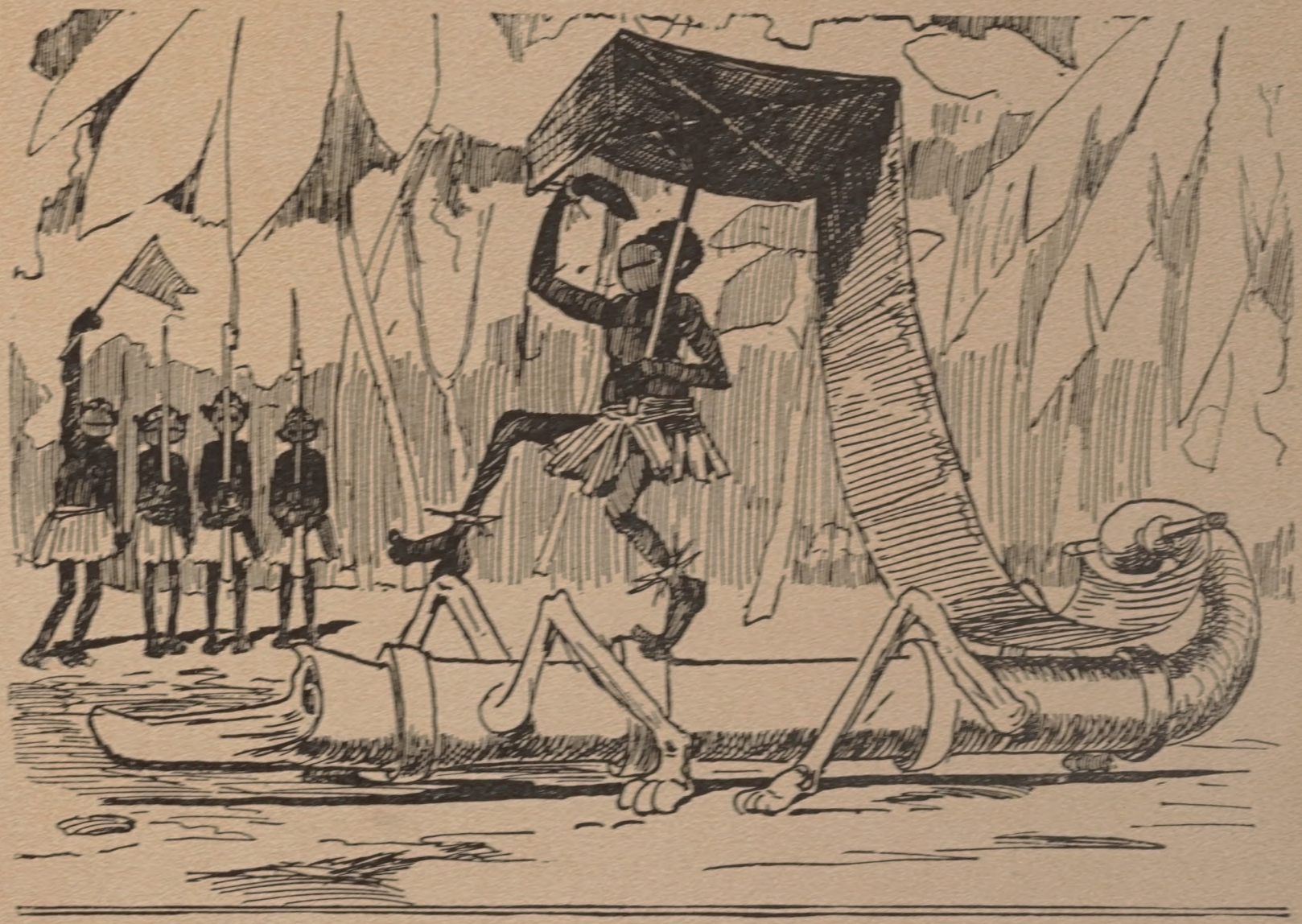
The Grone

In the backwoods of Sweden the Grone
Carries wood all day long by his lone.
A wishbone (for luck),
Which is used for a truck,
And the snowshoes and hat are his own.

The Grone

The Pipe-Lion

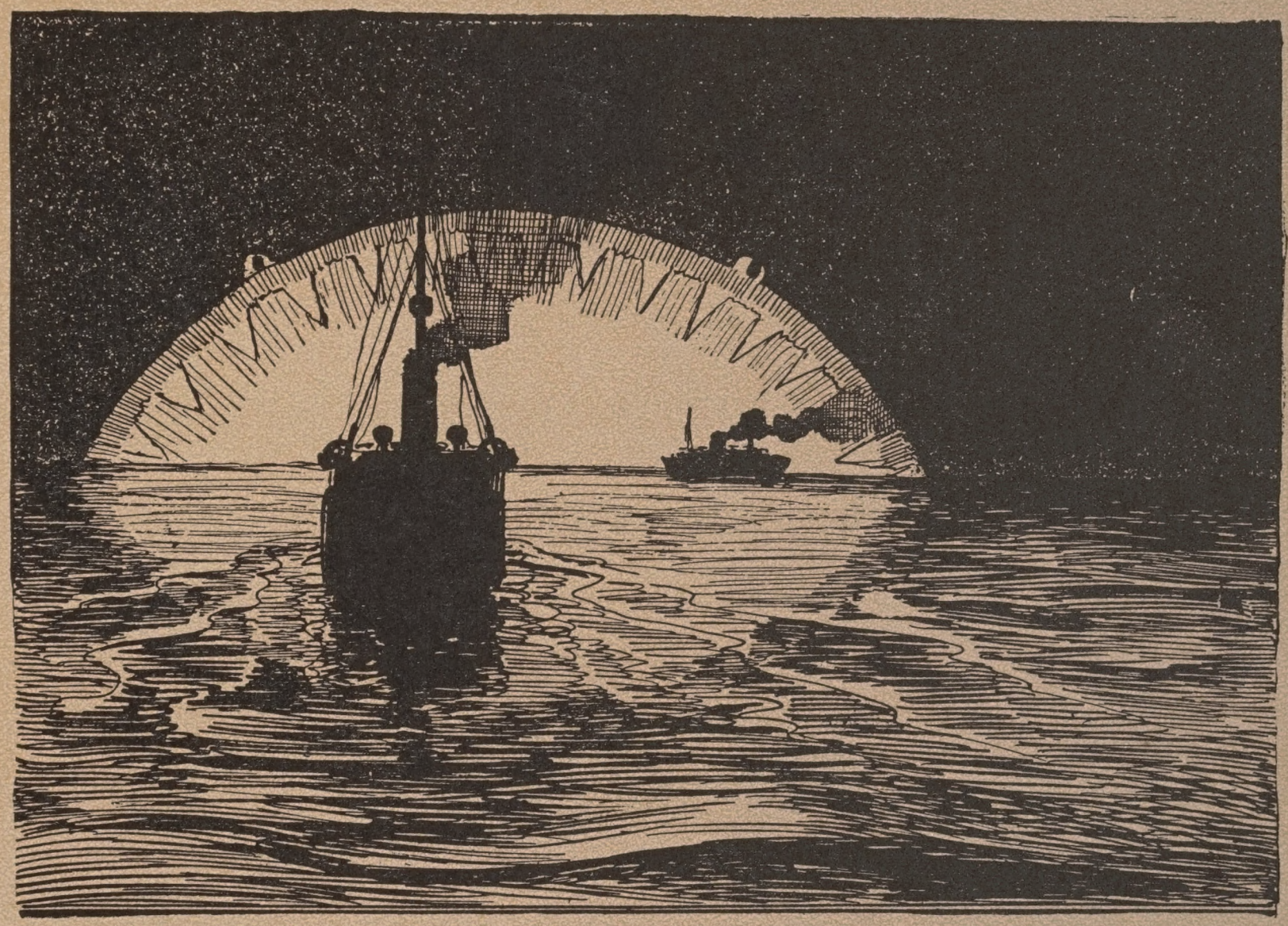
INSTEAD of barbaric procession
King Oolah shows modern progression;
When he goes out to dine
He takes the Pipe-Lion
And creates a most splendid impression.



The Pipe-Lion

The Chorah

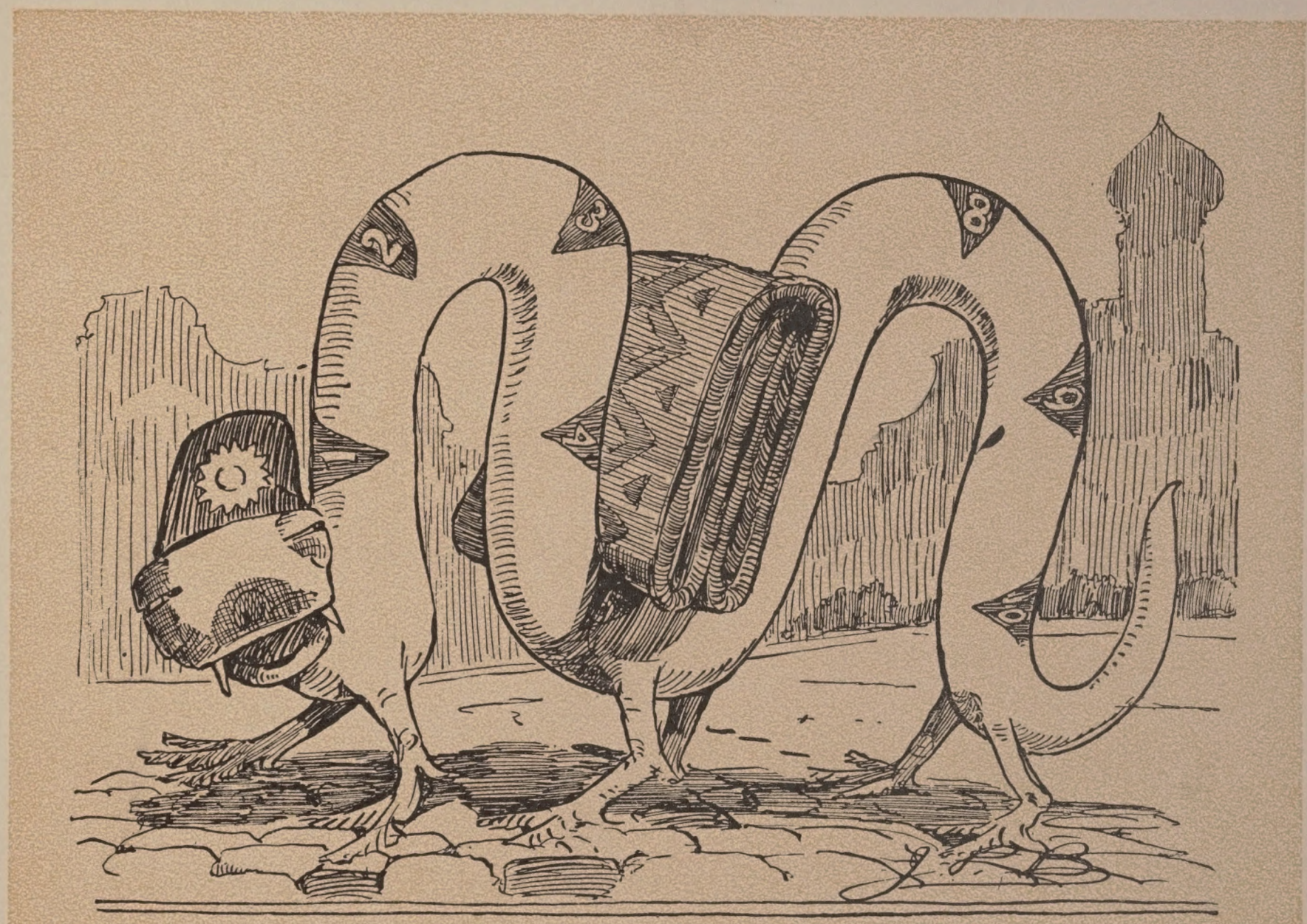
EVERY evening when hunger comes o'er her
From the depths comes the luminous Chorah,
And great steamers sail straight
To a horrible fate,
For they think it's the Northern Aurora.



The Chorah

The Bzah

In Moscow a Turkish Bzah
Makes carpets and rugs for the Czar.
He not only makes them,
But measures and shakes them
And carries them down to the car.



The Bzah

The Gastbubble

In the land where the Gastbubble grows
It rains, or it hails, or it blows;
And the trick seems to be
To tie up to a tree
And to wait till the worst of it goes.

The Gastbubble

The Ko-Chun

HERE'S a sketch of the clever Ko-Chun,
Three years old, and just see what he's done;
When he gets fully grown
He'll have legs of his own
And be jolly well able to run.

The Ko-Chun

The Chinta

"Do you see that wreck?" said the old Chinta
As they watched the poor Hesperus splinter;
"Well, that is the boat
Of which Longfellow wrote,
She gets into trouble each winter."

The Chinta

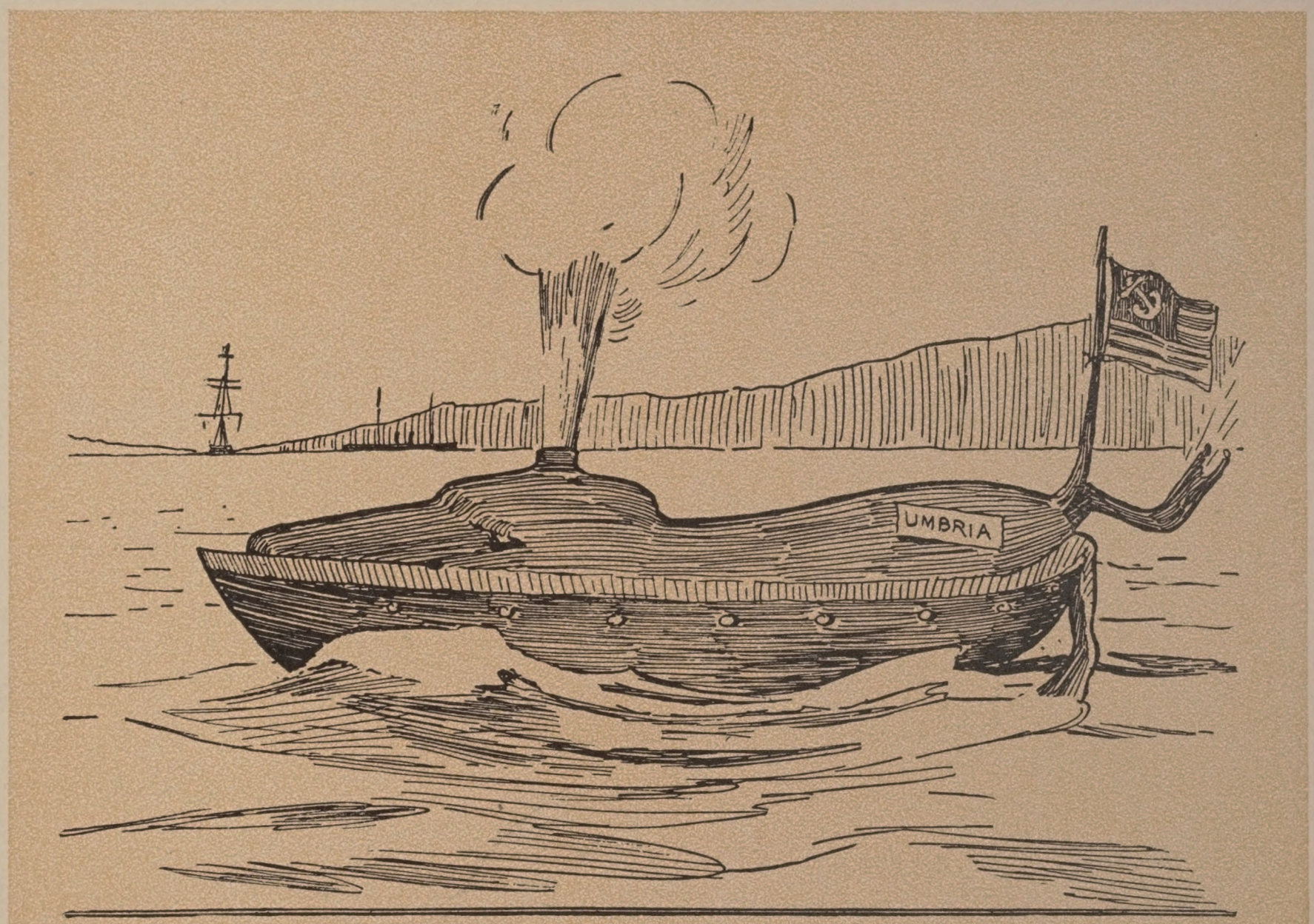
The Cruze

THEY say if you study the Cruze
It's an excellent thing for the blues,
For his freedom from care
Can't be matched anywhere,
And is certain to cheer and amuse.

The Cruze

The Bagoll

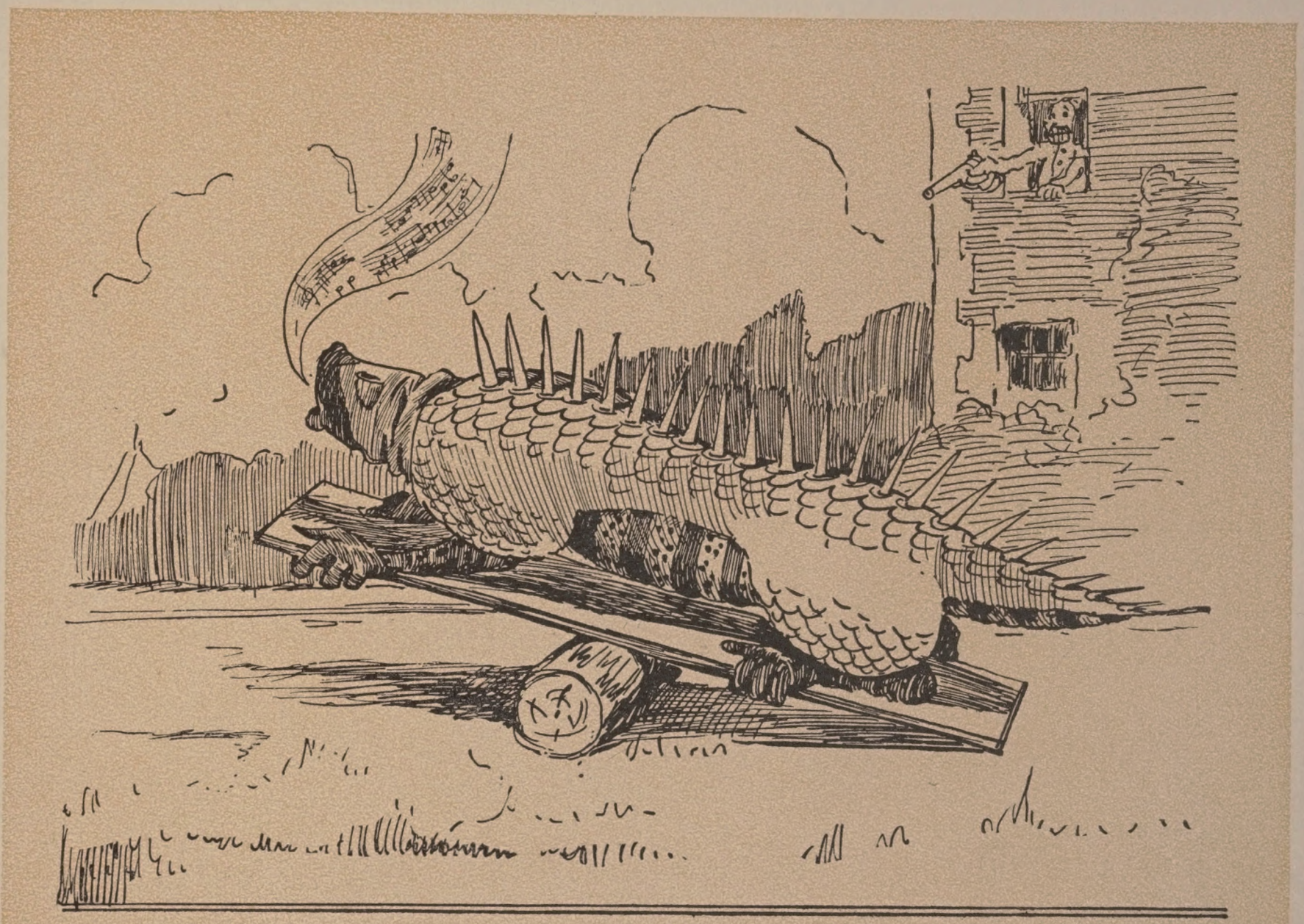
THE very important Bagoll
Doesn't think for a minute he's small,
And he puffs round the bay
Tooting "Out of my way!"
And he's only three feet over all!



The Bagoll

The Boh

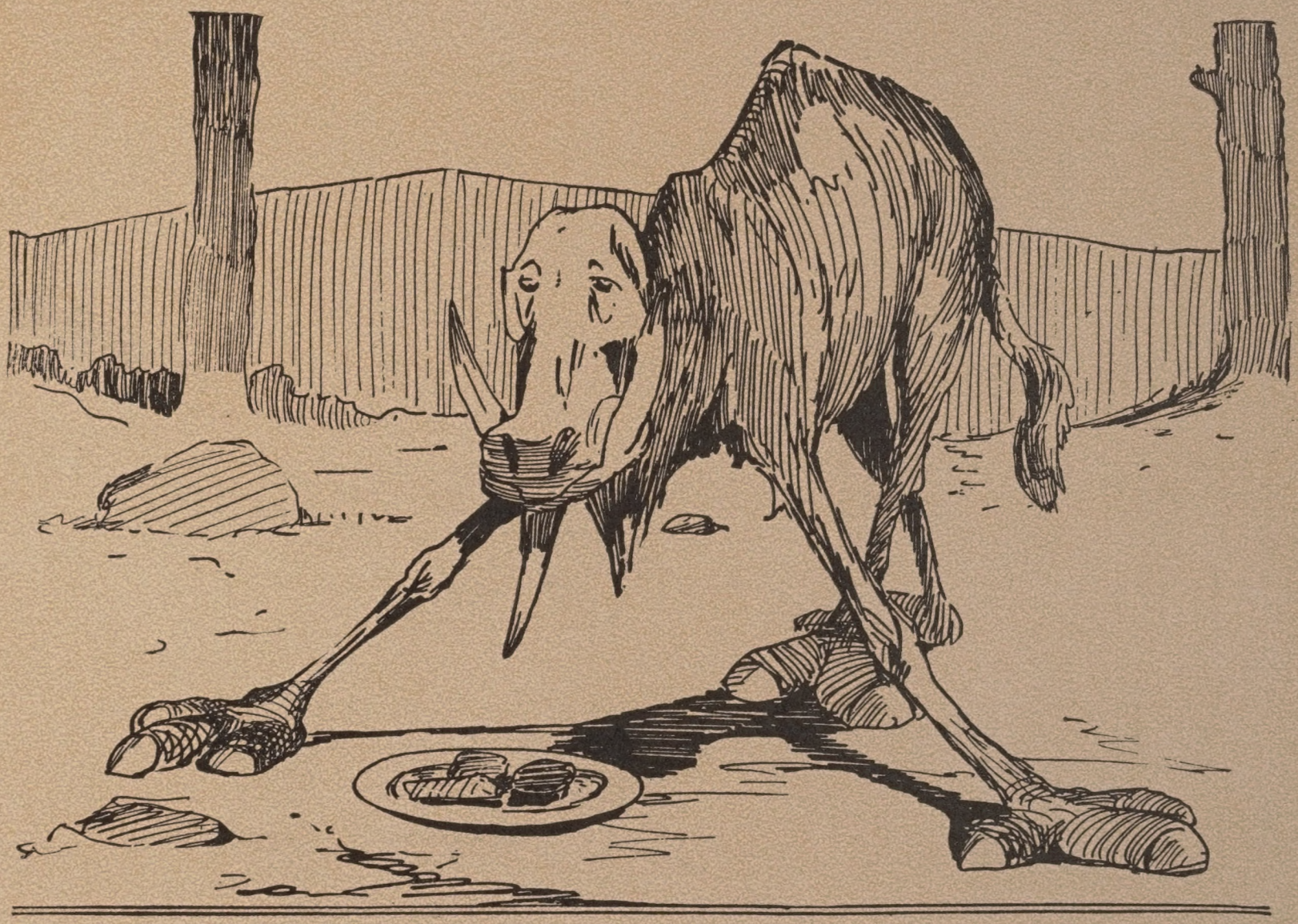
THE musical Boh of Baytong
Loves to rock himself singing a song—
Little bits from "Ophelia,"
"Hiawatha," "Bedelia";
He is likely to die before long.



The Boh

The Grind

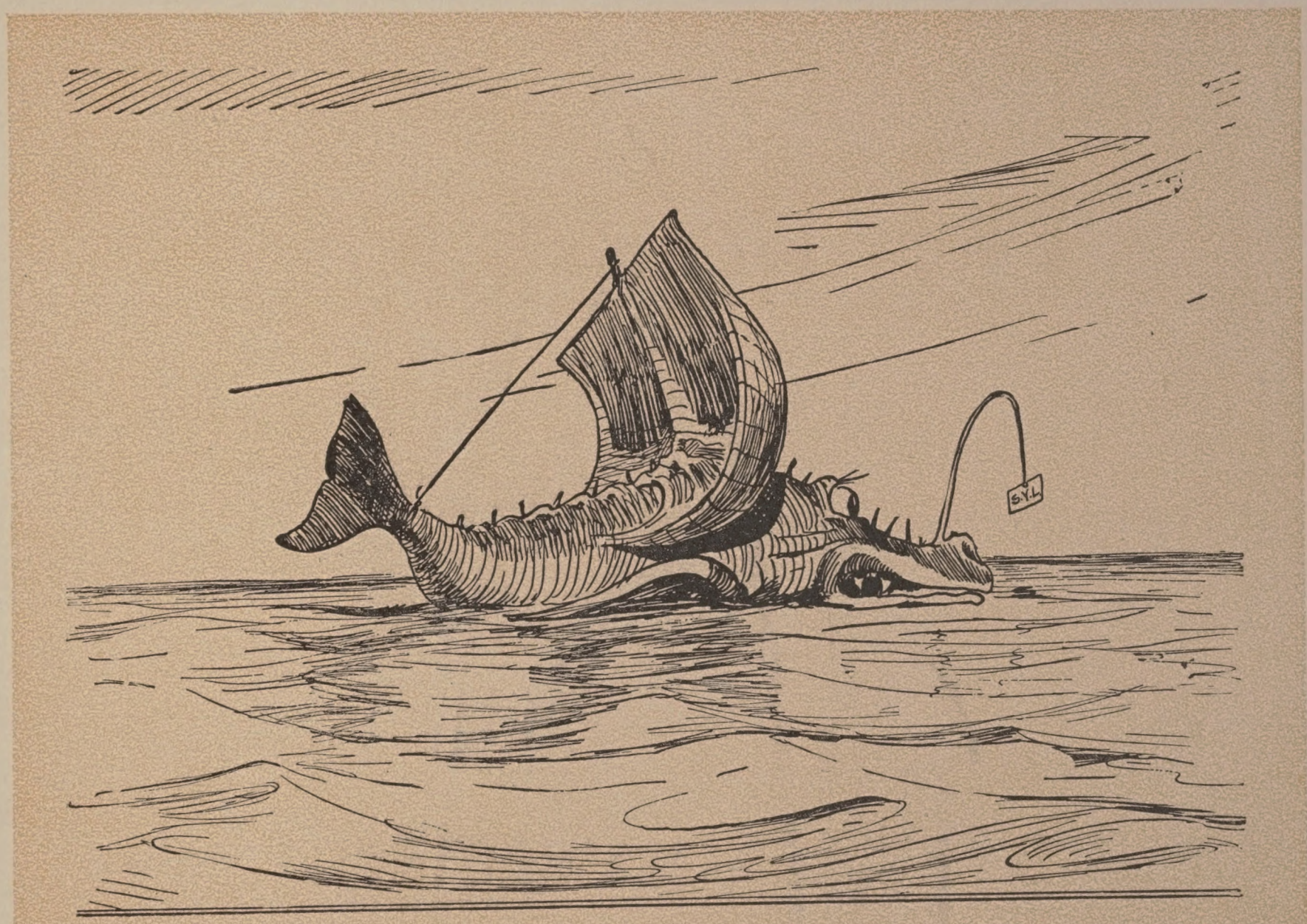
THE tusky-faced, flat-footed Grind,
Though often to eat feels inclined,
Is compelled by hard fate
To keep far from his plate;
You can see he looks pale but resigned.



The Grind

The Bater

When the famous sea angler, the Bater,
Goes sliding along the equator
    Little fish meet their fate
    When they jump at the bait,
Which is sort of a joke, "See you later."



The Bater

The Jumblerun

SAID the jungle boy's ma, "If you're tied on
You may go for a very short ride on
The tame Jumblerun."
But he found it no fun,
For the Jumblerun can't be relied on.

The Jumblerun

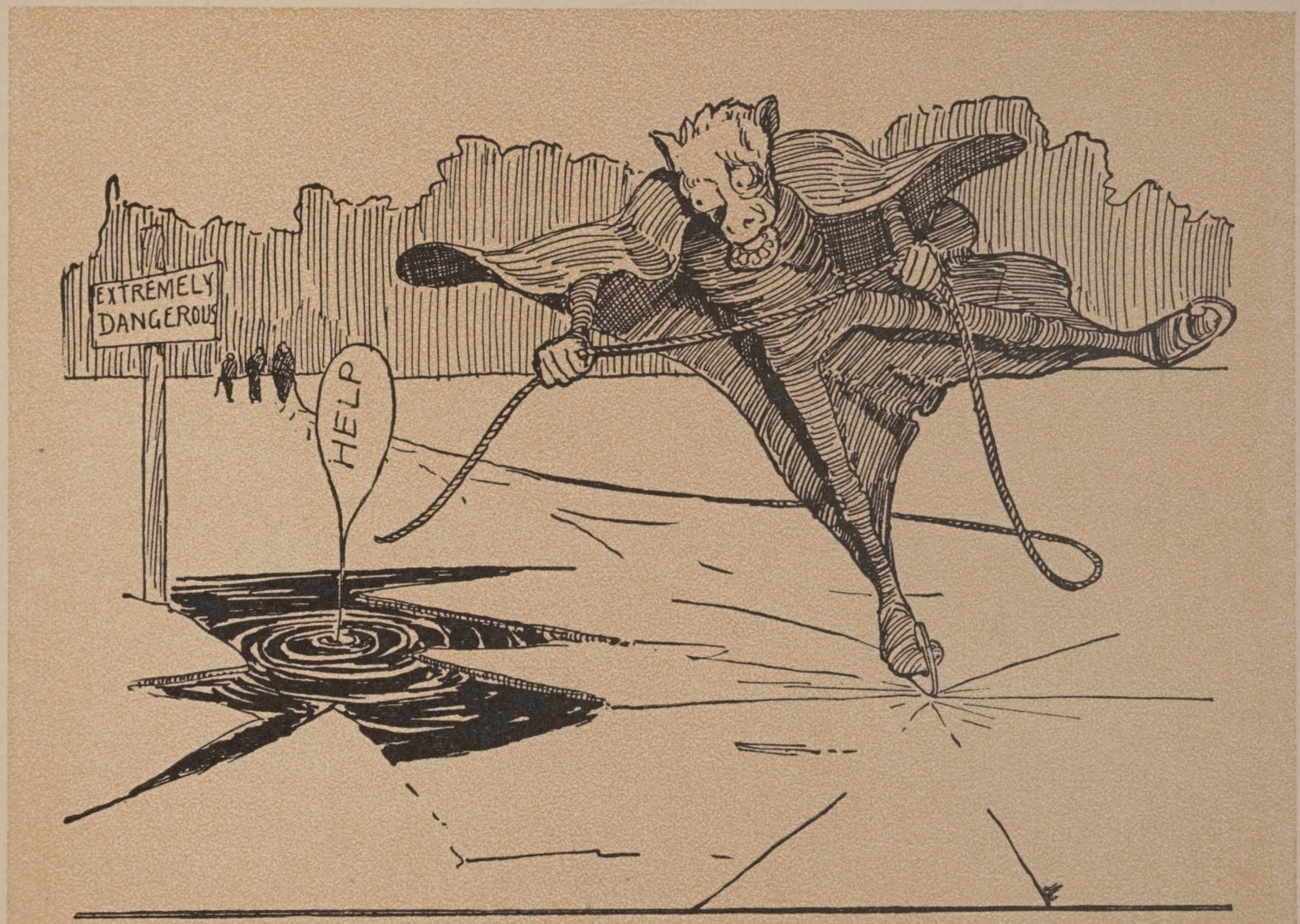
The Sea Serpent

A Lobsterman hauling his pot
Said, "Glory be, what have I got?"
It might be a hake,
Or a sculpin, or snake,
It's a sea serpent likely as not.

The Sea Serpent

The Bent

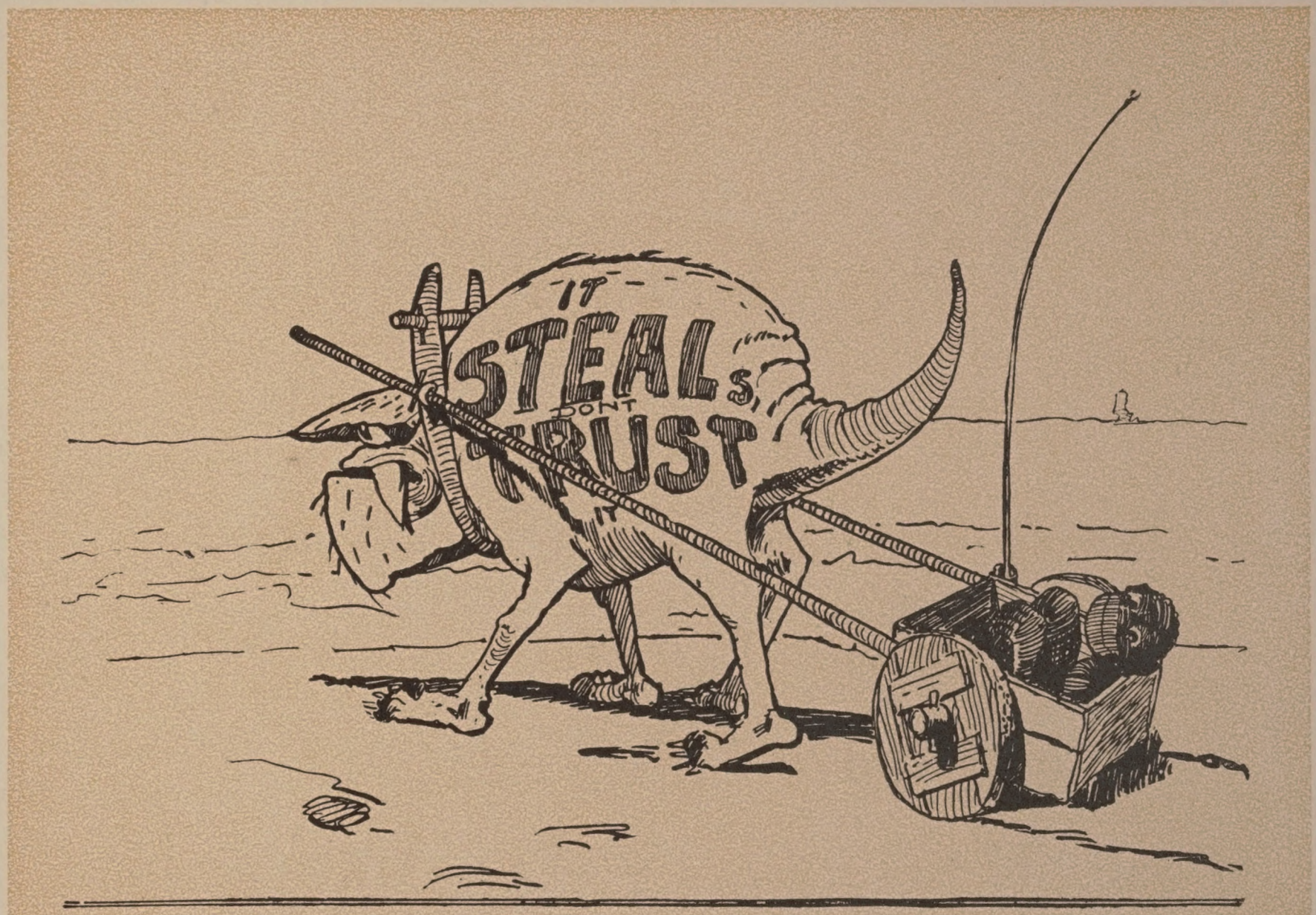
SAID the most ungrammatical Bent,
"I hadn't have ought to have went,
But they said, 'If you don't,
Why, nobody won't';
I don't like the job worth a cent."



The Bent

The Kyle

THE useful and valuable Kyle
Likes to steal every once in a while;
So his owner (a black)
Puts a sign on his back
That his neighbors can read for a mile.



The Kyle

The Catamarantic

The athletic Catamarantic
Can beat anything on the Atlantic;
    Any object that floats,
    Barring gasolene boats,
Is outclassed by his oarsmanship frantic.

The Catamarantic

The Laak

THE Laak, which is prized for its leather,
Gives amusement for hours together,
Doing three things at once
And most wonderful stunts
With an egg and a hat and a feather.

The Laak

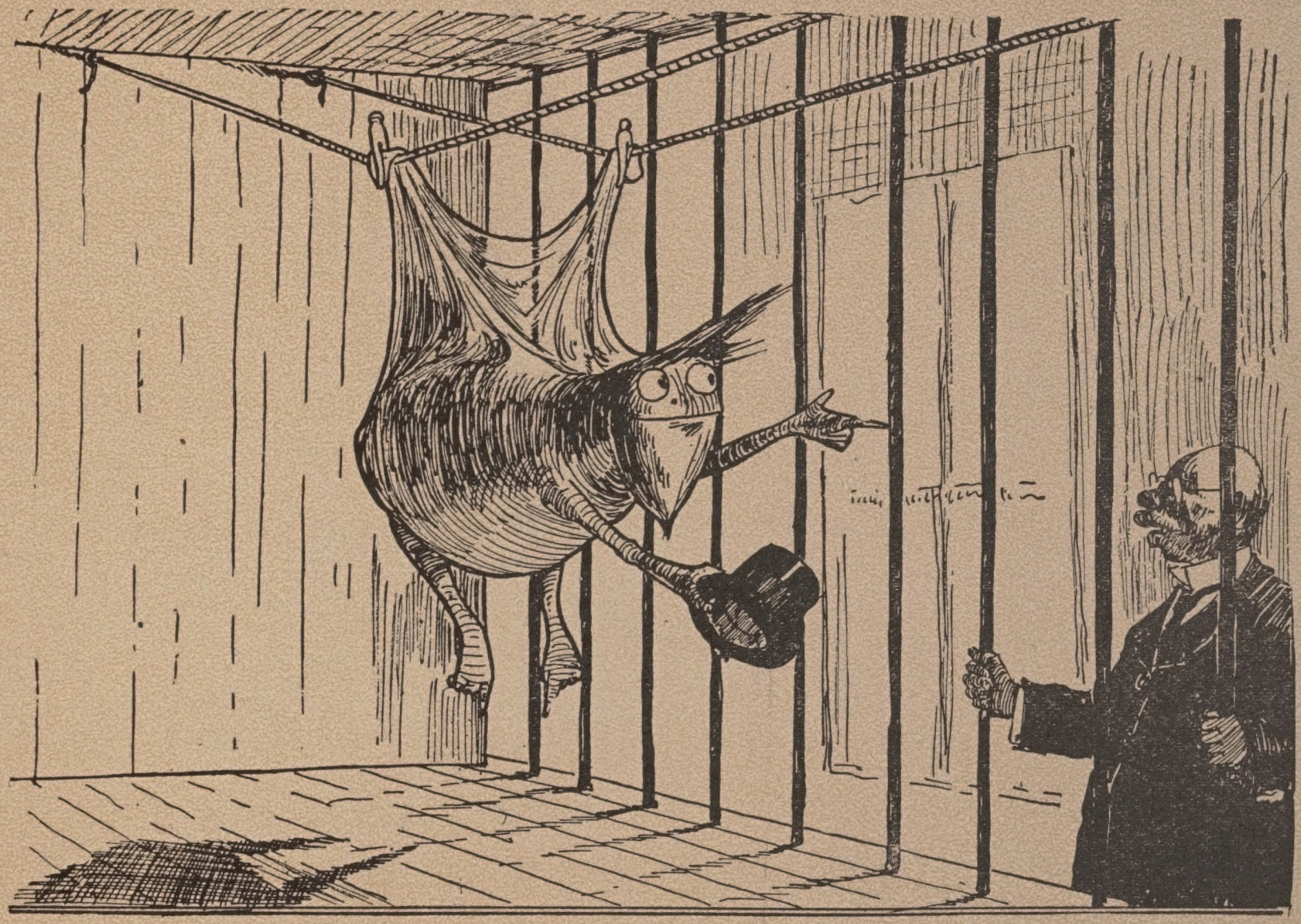
The Beerlie

THE muscular hand-walking Beerlie,
When asked why he acted so queerly,
Said, "I do as I please,
And I'm saving my knees;
It's a trick of my ancestors merely."

The Beerlie

The Zoorabul

THEY have to suspend the old Zoorabul
On account of his mischief incurable.
He is hung by his skin,
Which is wonderfully thin
And elastic, but thoroughly durable.



The Zoorabul

The Phee

THE amphibious young of the Phee
Never like their first voyage at sea.
In the way that the tides
Affect their insides
They are painfully like you and me.

The Phee

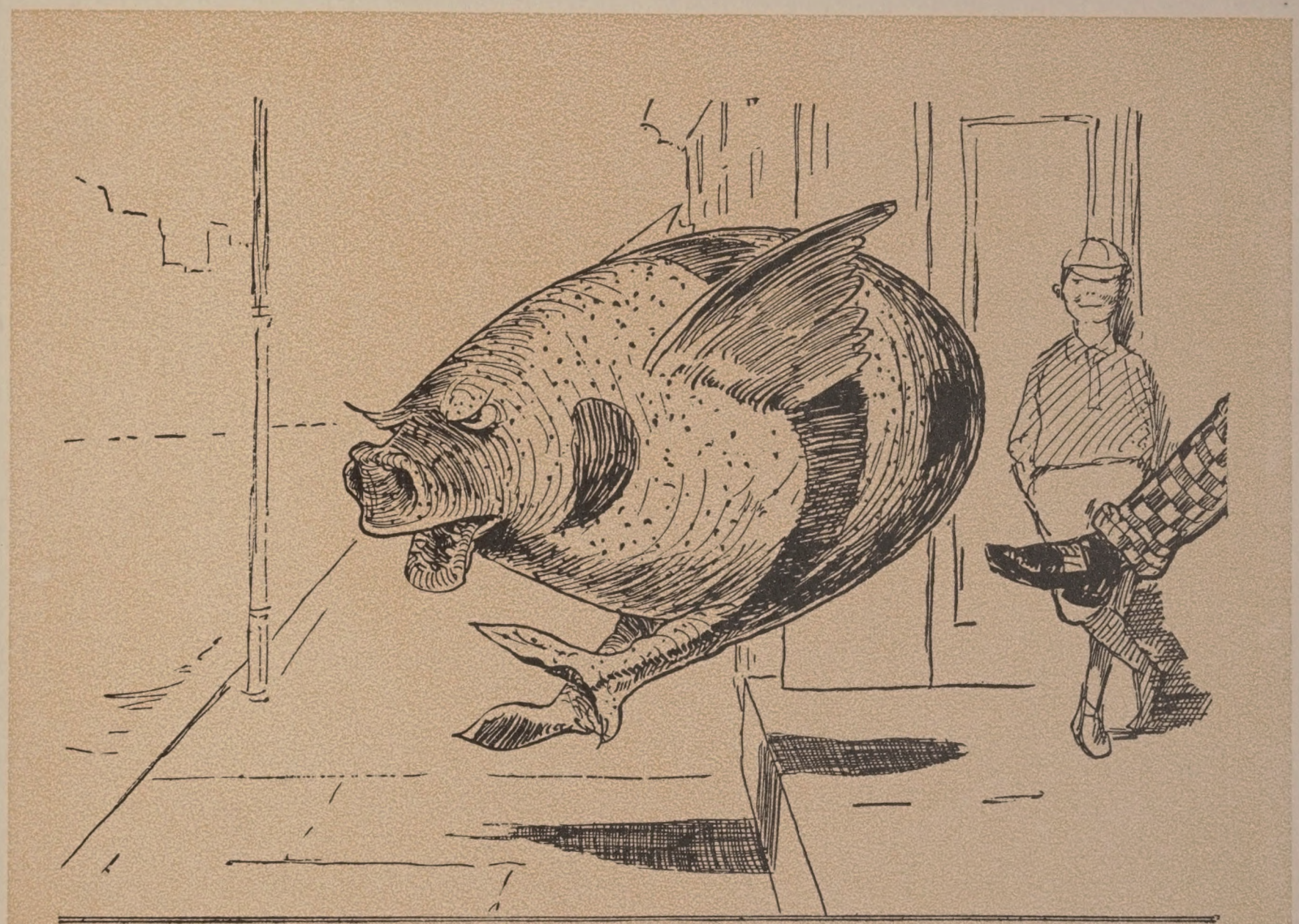
The Gatt

SAID the Gatt to Si Hopkins, "Oh, Si!
You look scared and disturbed; tell me why.
When you meet, Si, a Gatt,
Always take off your hat,
Don't be awkward and clumsy and shy."

The Gatt

The Blout

"HERE am I," said the talkative Blout,
"A trifle odd-looking, no doubt.
Yet I've heard folks declare
That I'm only hot air—
Do you wonder I'm feeling put out ?"



The Blout

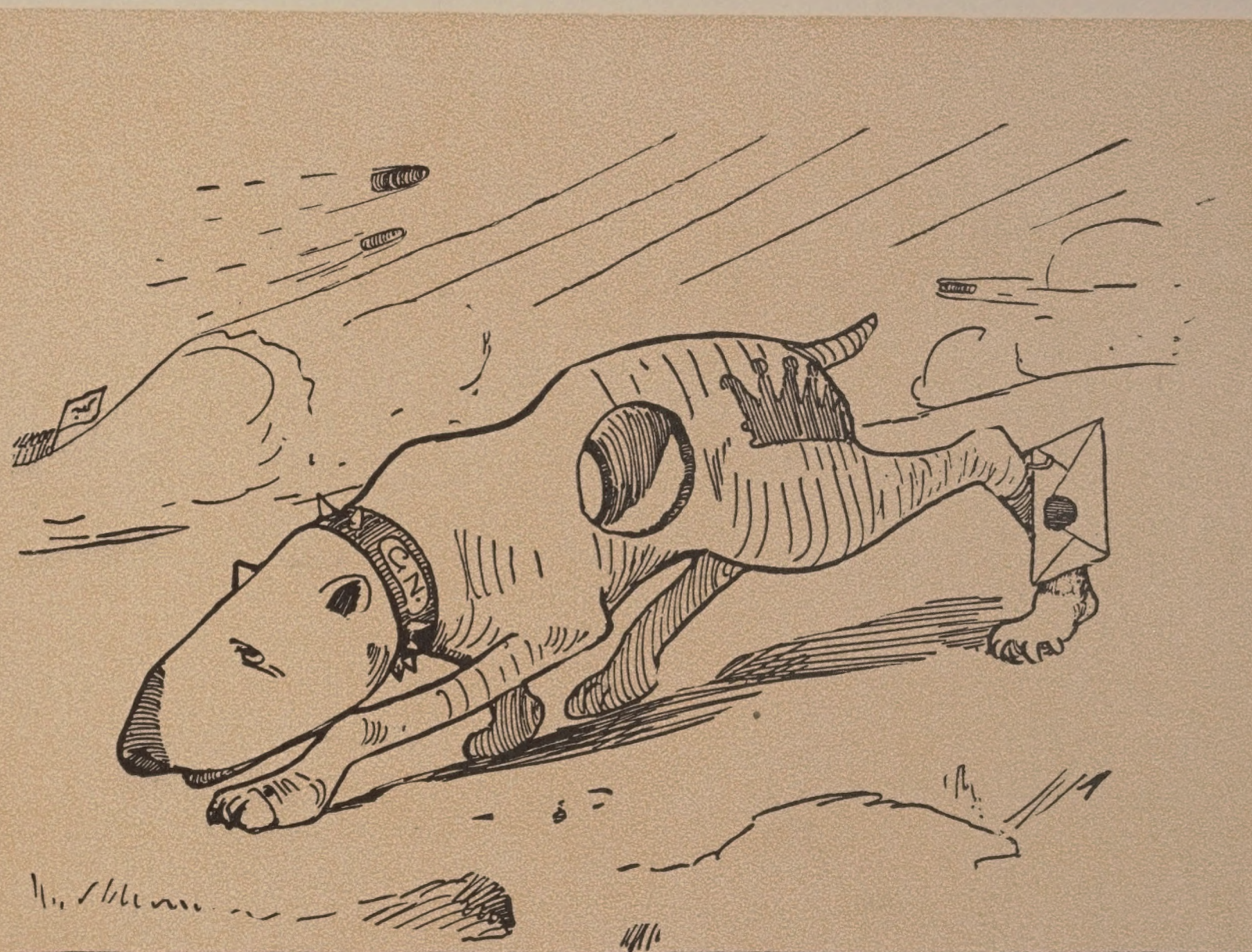
The Mockair

When the homely but modest Mockair
Found a hand mirror— goodness knows
where—
He remarked, "Holy cat!
Am I really like that?
Now I see why the other folks stare."

The Mockair

The Durkin

THE Czar's hardy war dog, the Durkin,
Got a puncture as big as a firkin
From a fifteen-inch shell.
He don't feel very well,
But it doesn't prevent him from working.

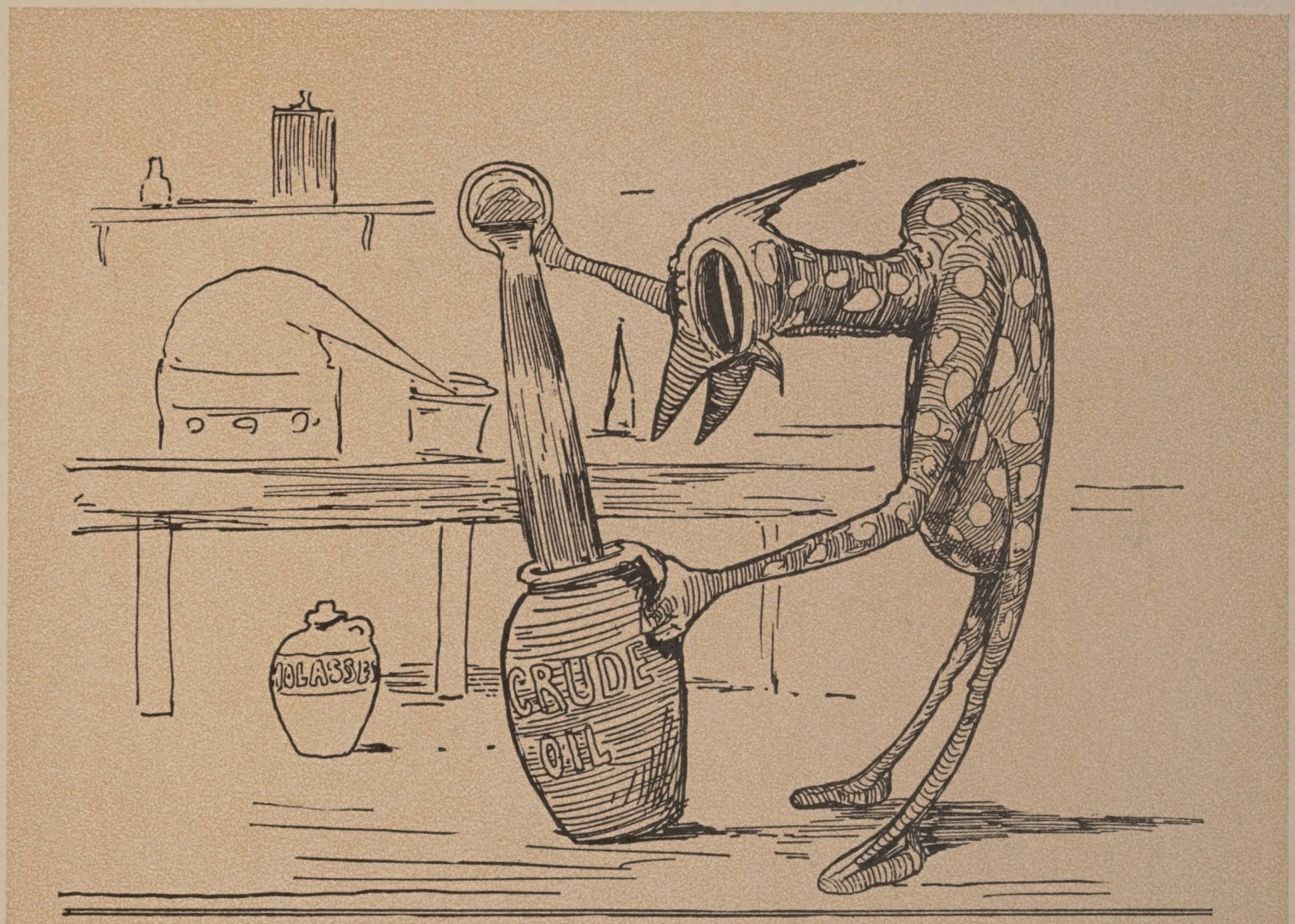


The Durkin

The Kerity

WITH a passion for science, the Kerity
Remarks, with pathetic sincerity:—

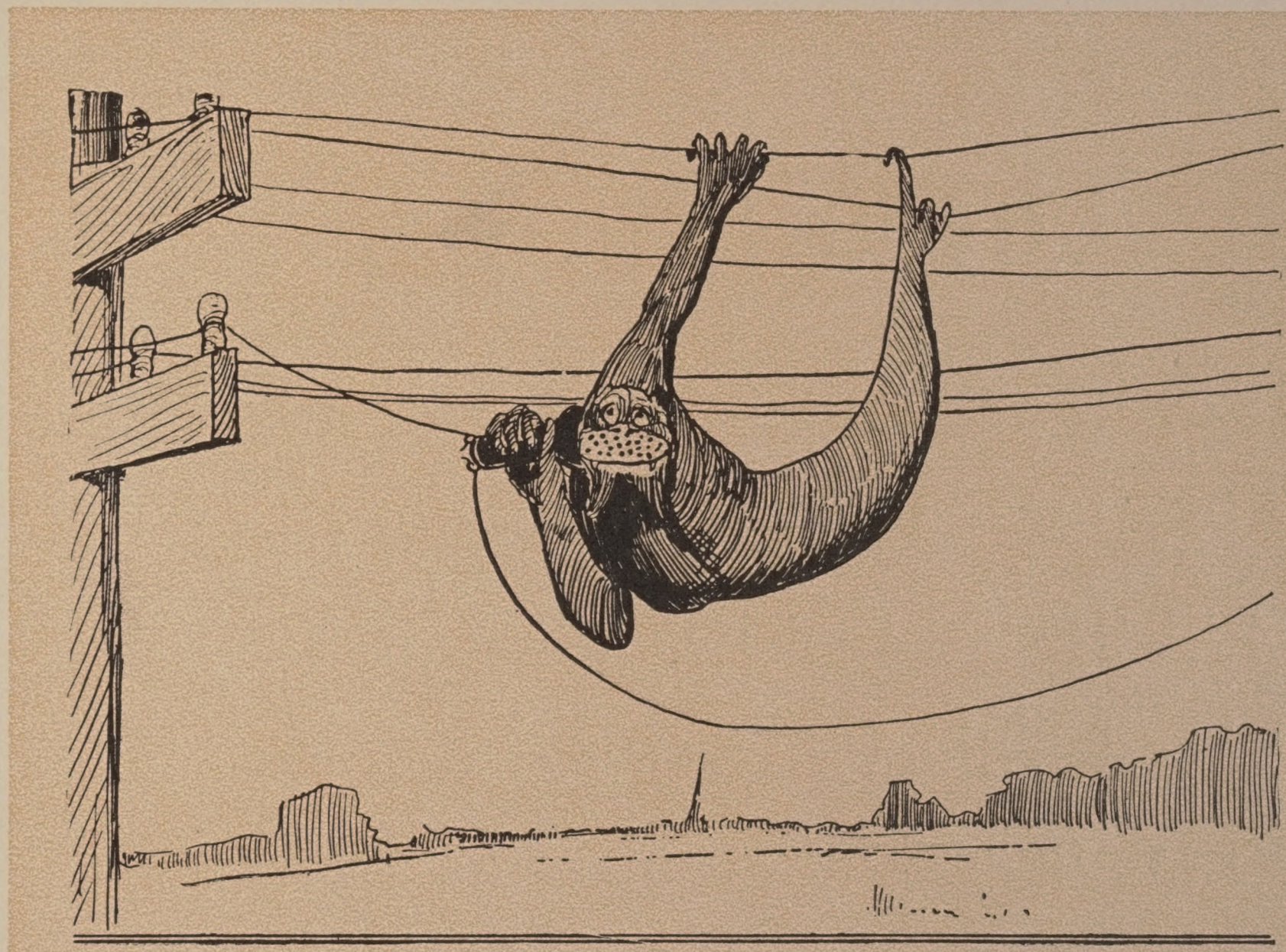
"If I make of this mess
What I hope to, I guess
My name will go down to posterity."



The Kerity

The Tappar

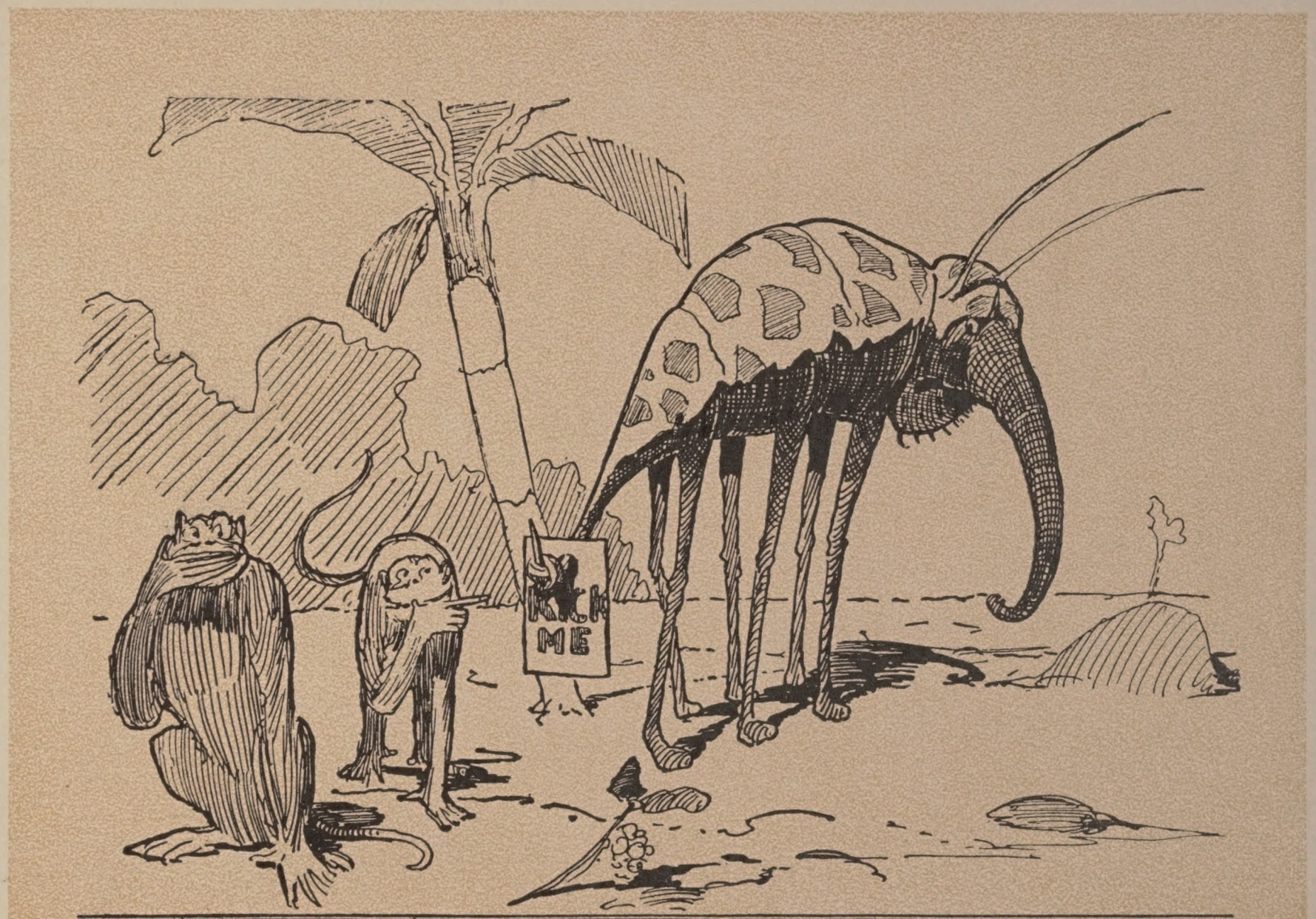
THE telephone people out West
Say the Tappar's a regular pest;
He gets all the news
Without paying the dues—
He likes long-distance messages best.



The Tappar

The Mutt

"JUST because I am queer," said the Mutt,
"They make me a regular butt.
I'm treated this way
Six or eight times a day;
I'll get angry some time, and that's what."



The Mutt

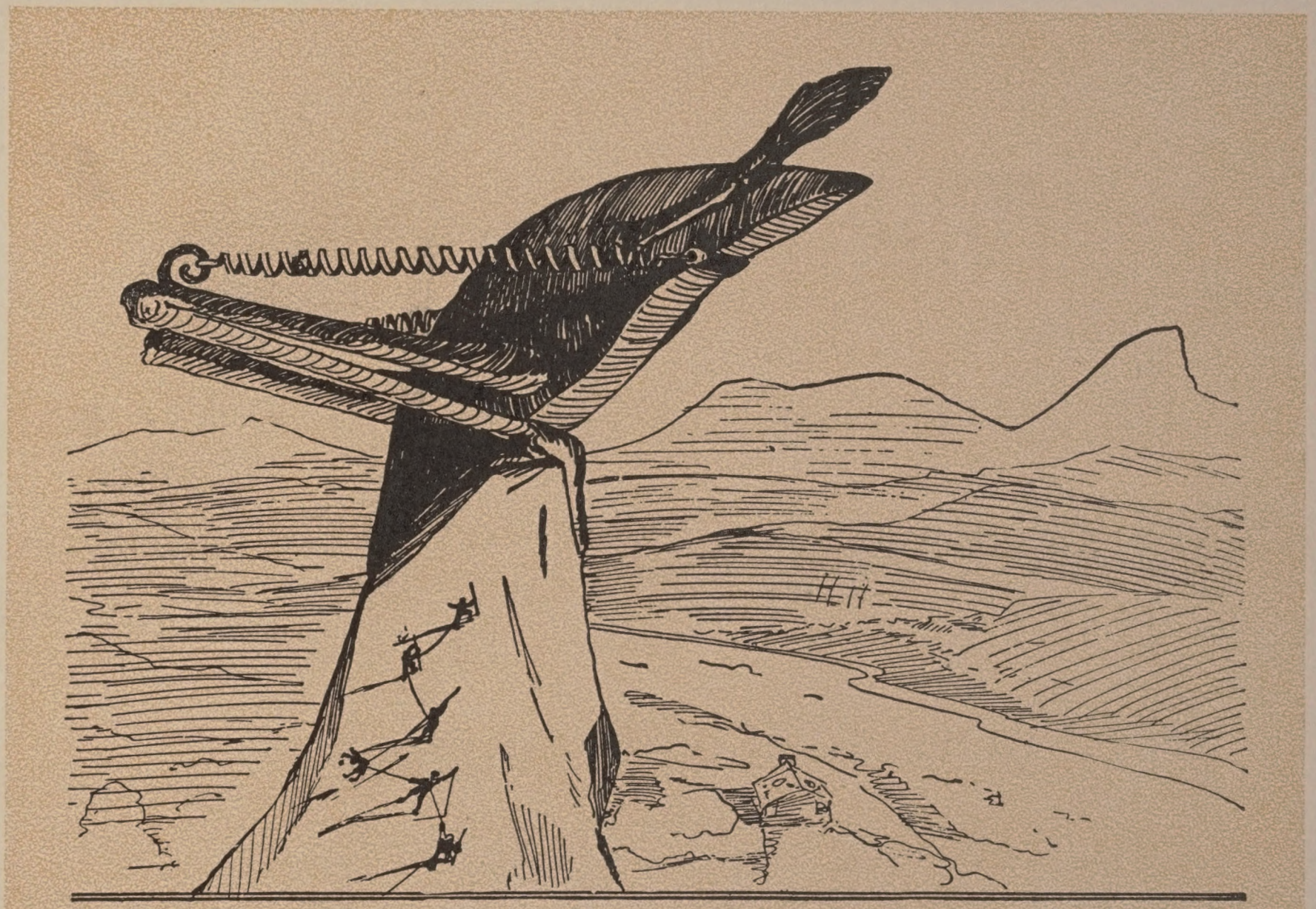
The Gumps

In the Philippine Islands the Gumps
Lie in wait behind bushes and stumps.
When the hunters come near
They fill them with fear
By their half-human hops, skips and jumps.

The Gumps

The Blethar

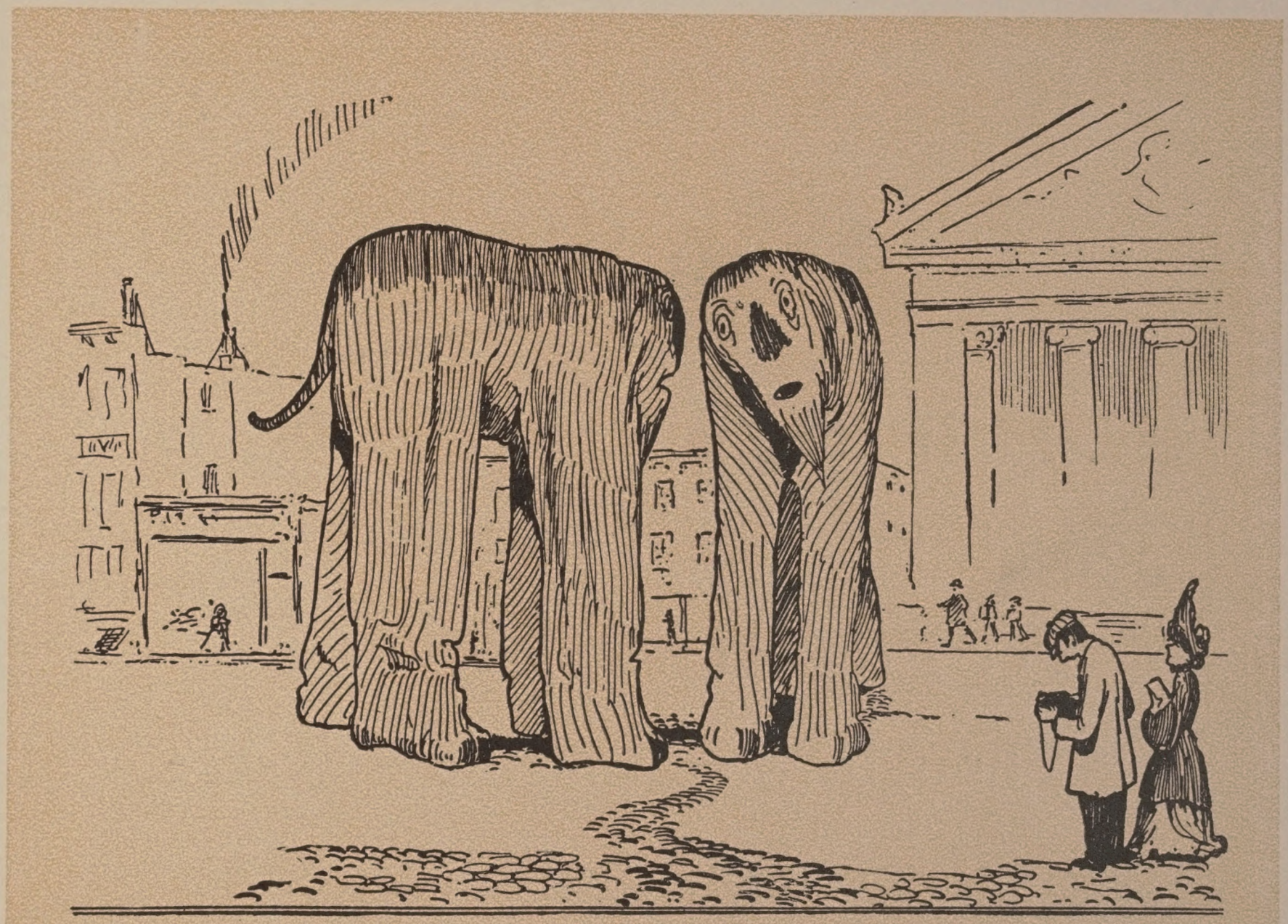
HERE'S a view of the great Alpine Blethar,
Which can only be seen in fine weather;
He counts three when he launches,
So that both of his haunches
May pitch him off squarely together.



The Blethar

The Jughs

THE gossiping Jughs of Dundee
Are the things tourists go there to see;
For the marmalade trade
No matter what's said,
Is entirely secondaree.



The Jughs

The Shivaree

HERE is Postmaster General Eine
On his Shivaree, looking so fine.
For Free Rural Delivery,
Though rough on the Shivaree,
Seems to educate, culture, refine.

The Shivaree

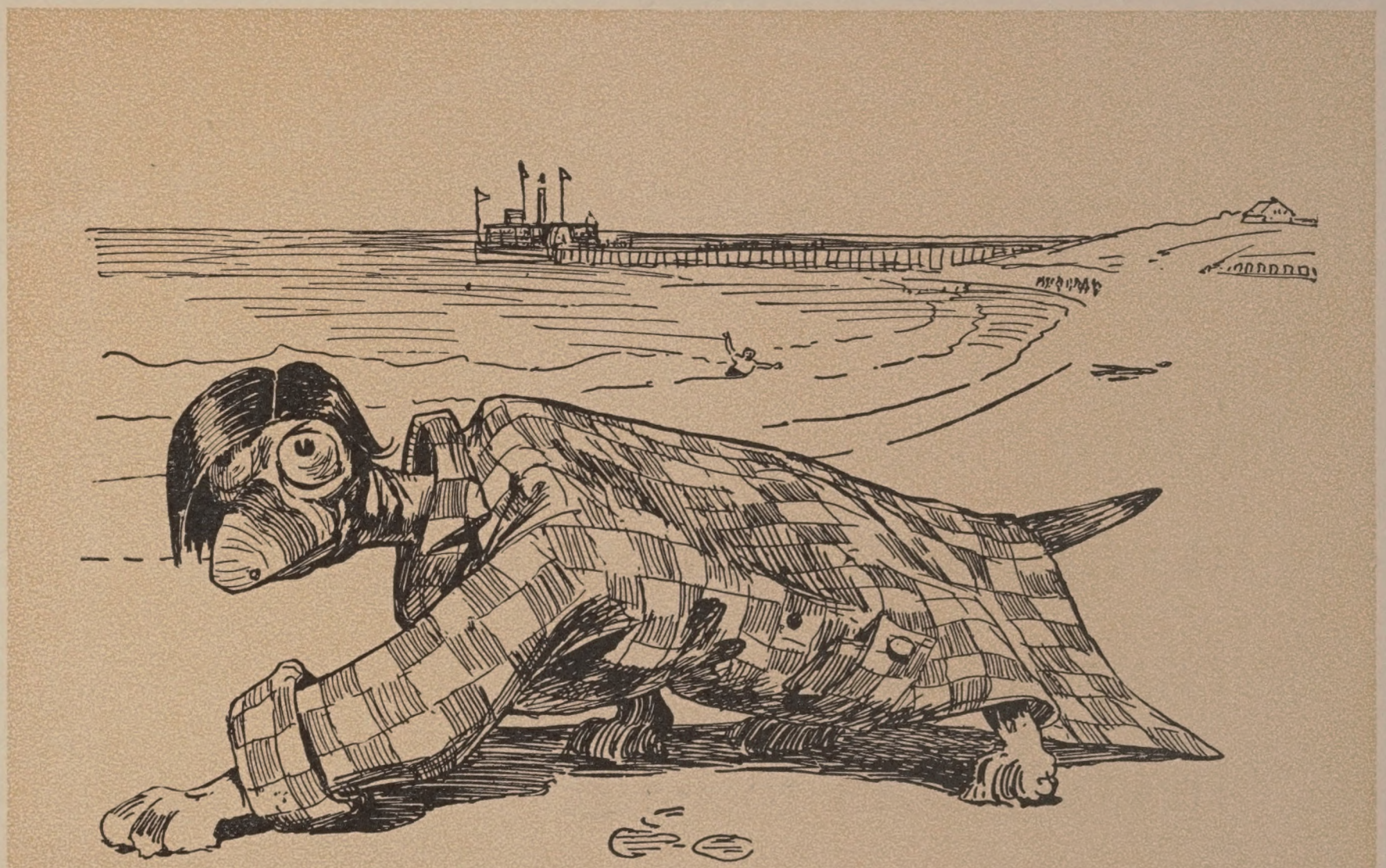
The Skerwall

THE trick of the great white Skerwall
Is to paint his face black in the fall,
Then till summer comes round
He stays deep underground,
That's why he's not handsome at all.

The Skerwall

The Croaken

When bathing look out for the Croaken,
He has habits that cannot be broken;
Here he's stolen a wig
Which is sizes too big
And the coat of a man from Hoboken.

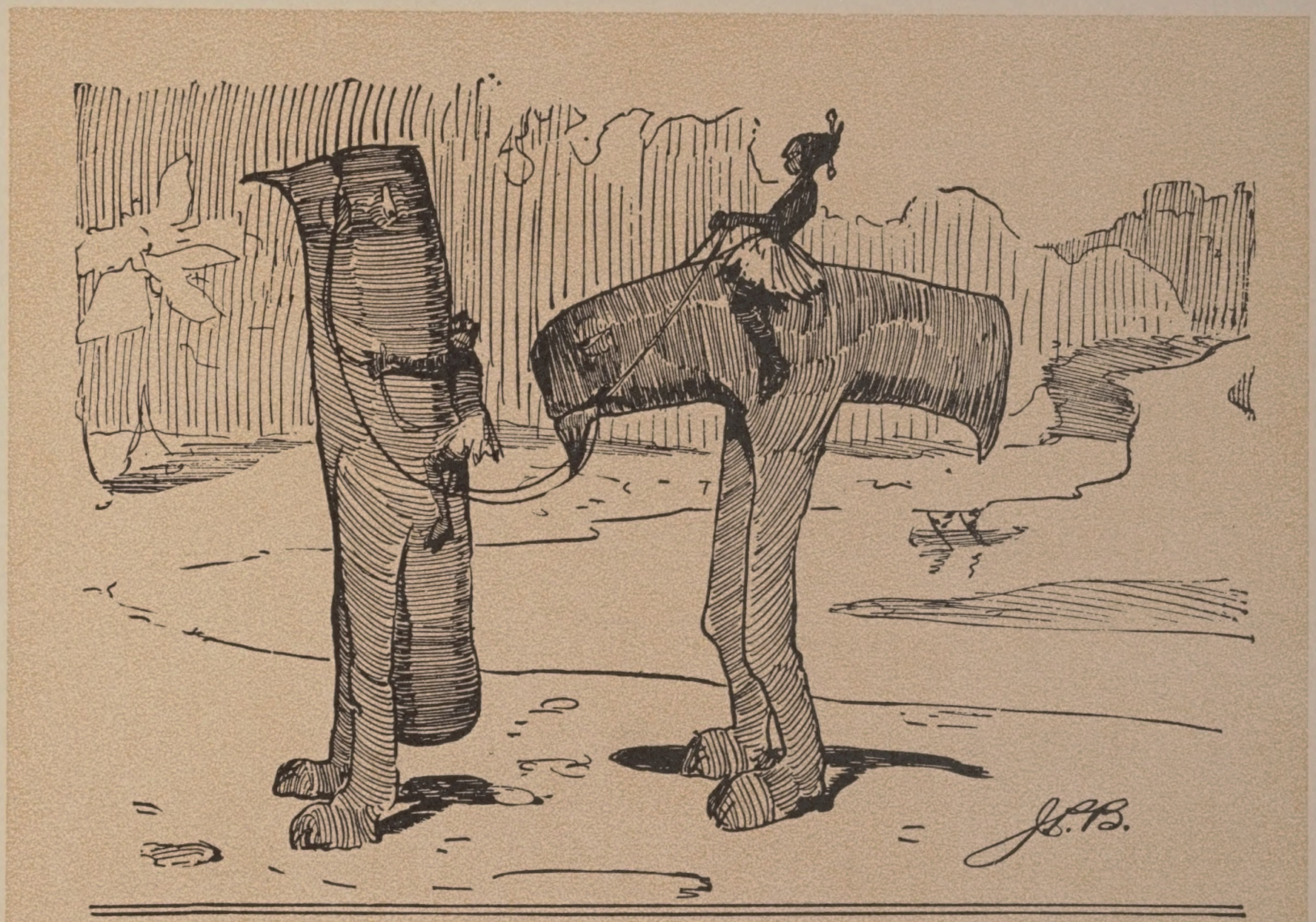


The Croaken

L OF C.

The Laim

THAT African biped, the Laim,
So exceedingly fond of a game,
Is so lacking in wit
It takes both to be It;
But they're plenty of fun, just the same.



The Laim

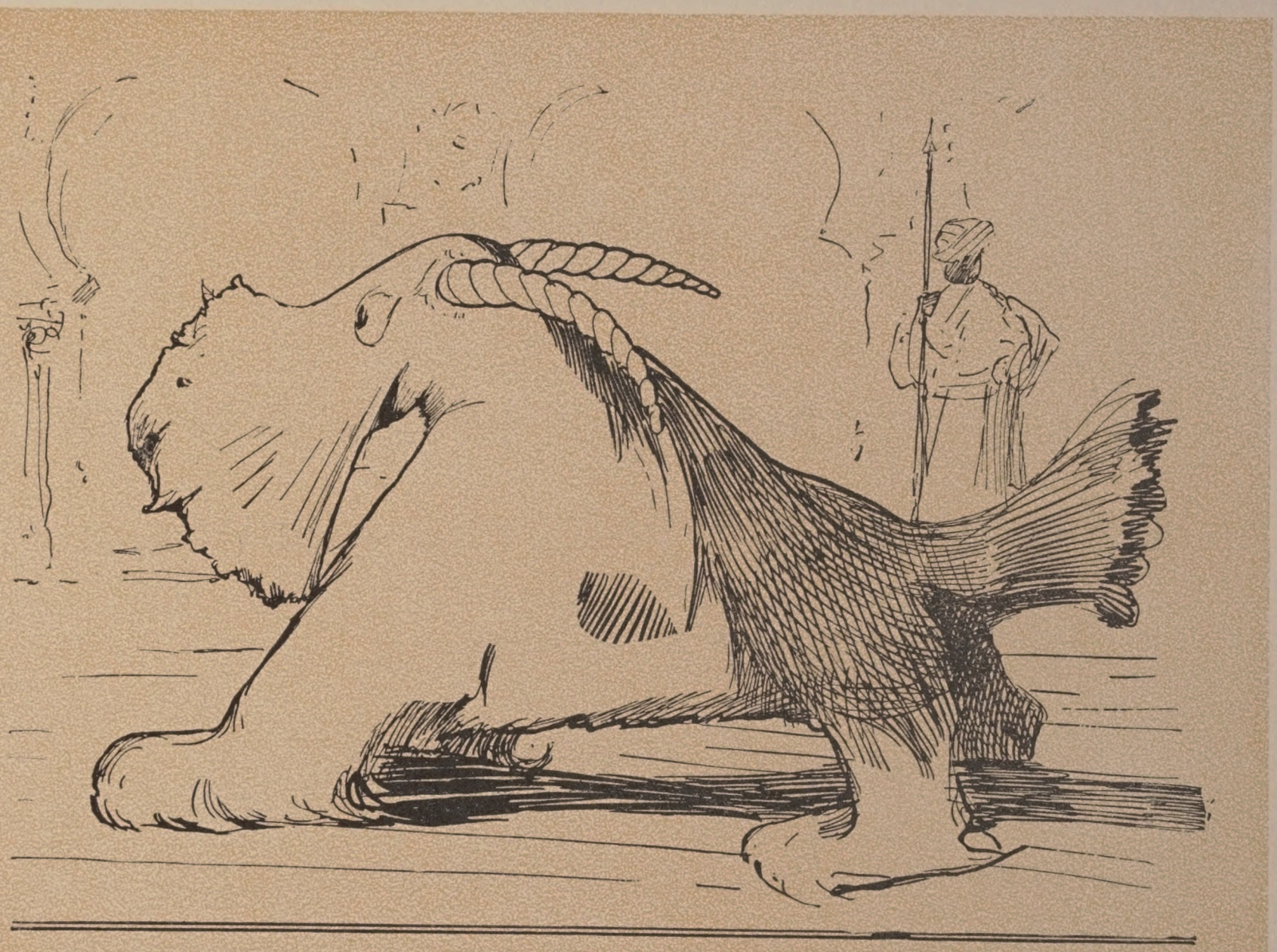
The Ling

THE African Baks as a nation
Are ingenious beyond expectation.
To capture the Ling
They put bait on a string.
The picture gives full explanation.

The Ling

The Ko-Hott

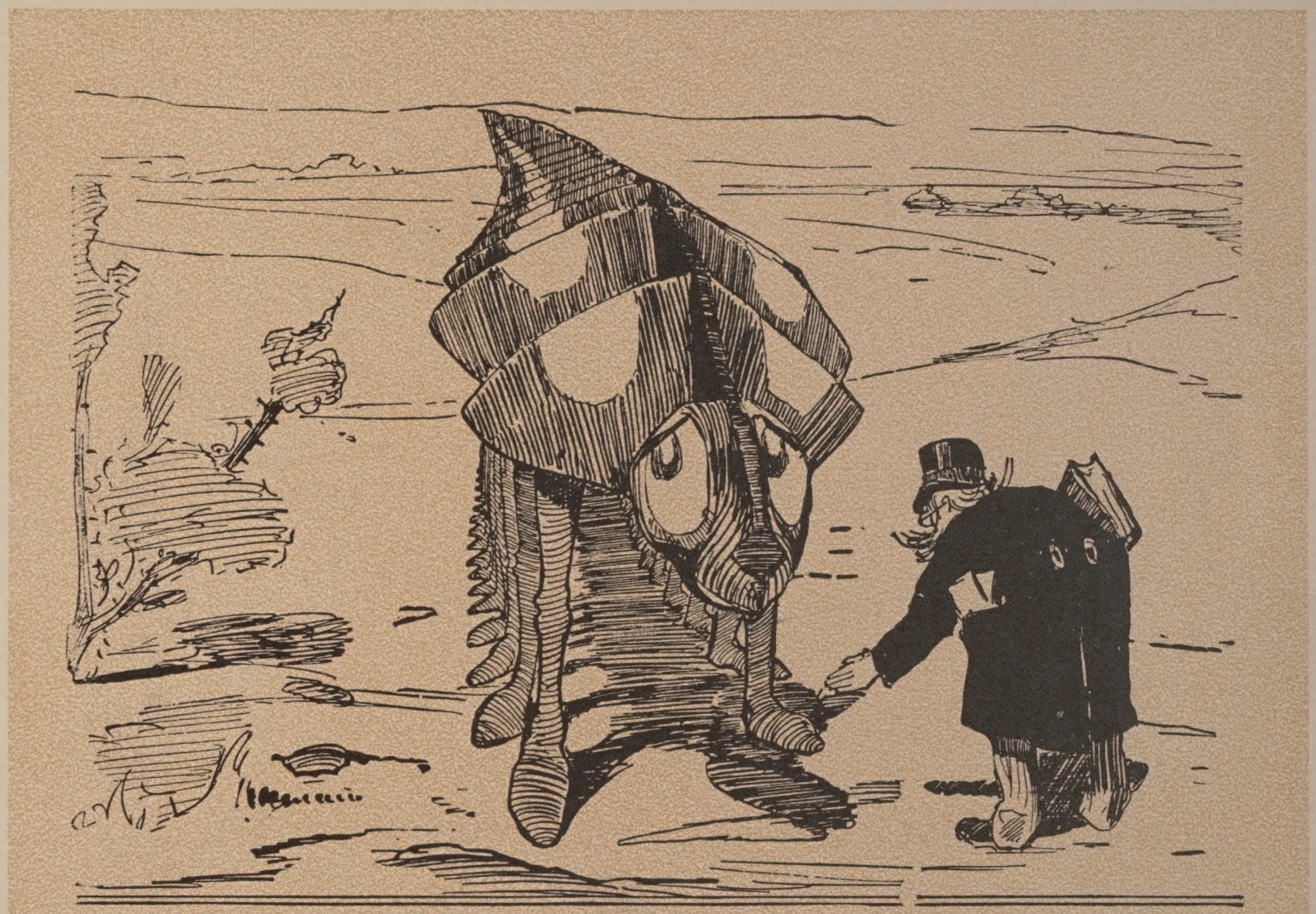
THE white, woolly, goat-like Ko-Hott
Is prized by the Akhoond of Swat,
Who keeps it indoors
To mop up the floors
It looks sort of fierce, but it's not.



The Ko-Hott

The Bozalia

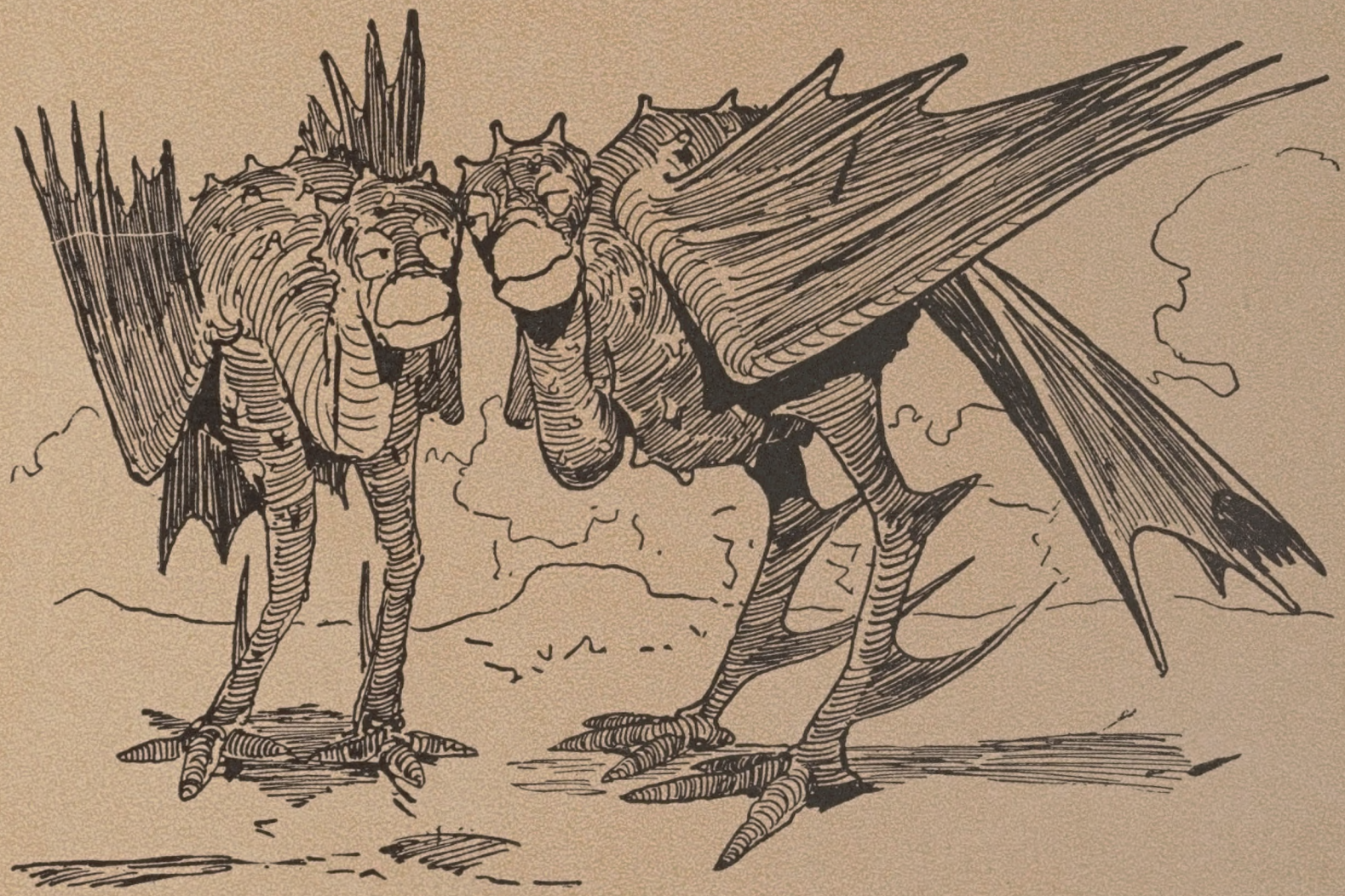
When the naturalist saw a Bozalia
He said, "It's a find, this mammalia.
If there only were more
I would turn pedicure
And regard my past life as a failure."



The Bozalia

The Crant

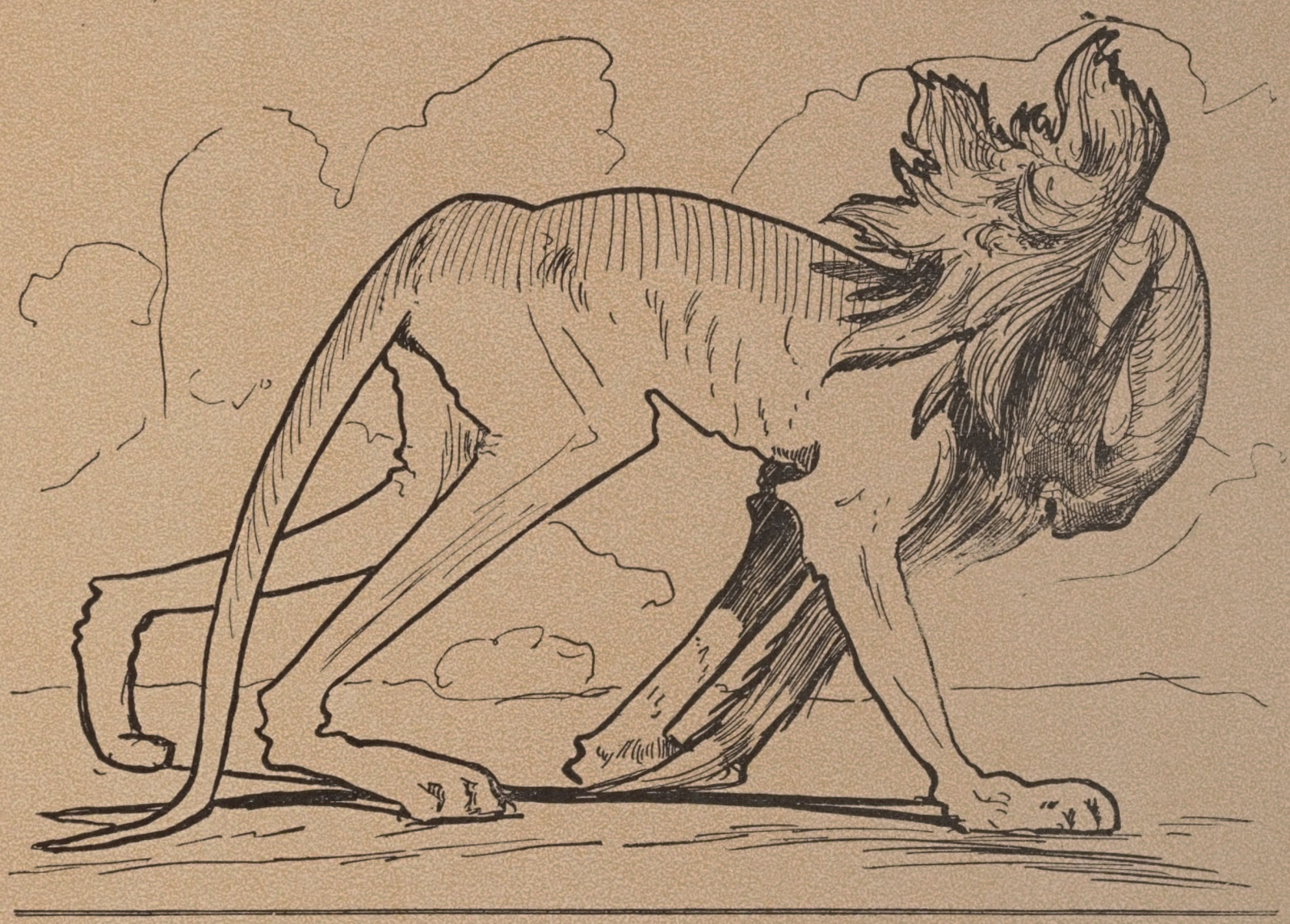
It is not many years since the Crant
Were so numerous in the Levant
That they caught them in herds;
Now these wonderful birds
Are the only two copies extant.



The Crant

The Ethigorant

THE tropical Ethigorant
Has his features all built on the slant,
To a creature so vain
This gives infinite pain;
He would like to look pretty, but can't.



The Ethigorant

The Yapp

'Twas a thorough surprise to the Yapp
When he found himself caught in the trap,
And the moral is clear:
It is best to have fear—
Even fear of a regular snap.

The Yapp

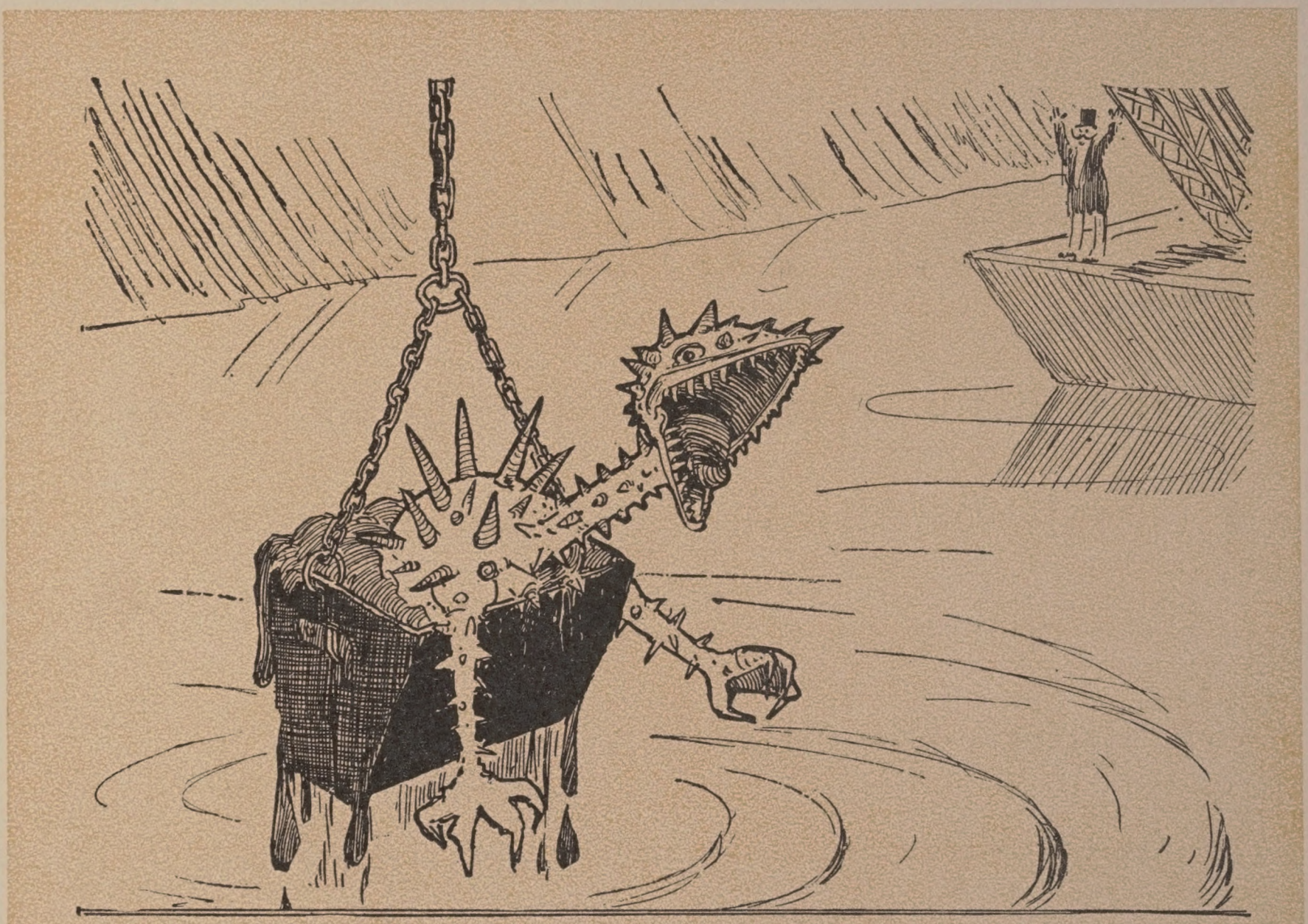
The Gorinna

THE elephant-eating Gorinna
Takes a whole one each day for his dinner,
Then he eats about half
Of a good fat giraffe—
Even so, he gets thinner and thinner.

The Gorinna

The Bismus

When De Lesseps was down on the Isthmus
They dredged up a tropical Bismus,
And he sent it to France
On the very small chance
That his children would like it for Christmas.



The Bismus

The Yott

THERE are two or three things in the ocean
Of which landlubbers haven't a notion.
The worst of the lot
Is the frolicsome Yott,
He creates such an awful commotion.

The Yott

The Kree

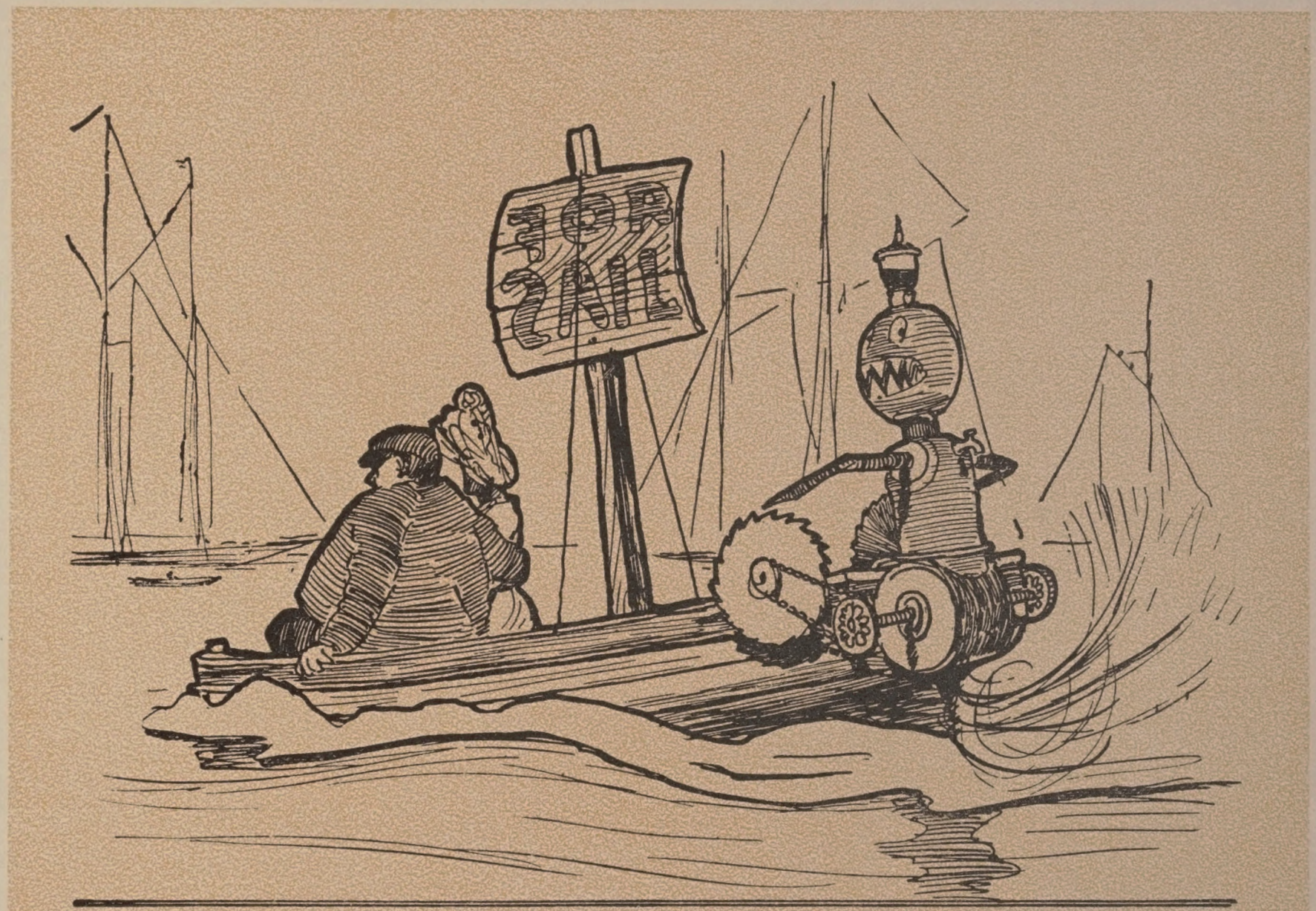
THE lonesome, unusual Kree
Is homely as homely can be;
Perhaps that is why
He's so painfully shy
As he roams through his bogs by the sea.

The Kree

The Ogee

If your lot has been cast by the sea
You certainly know the Ogee.

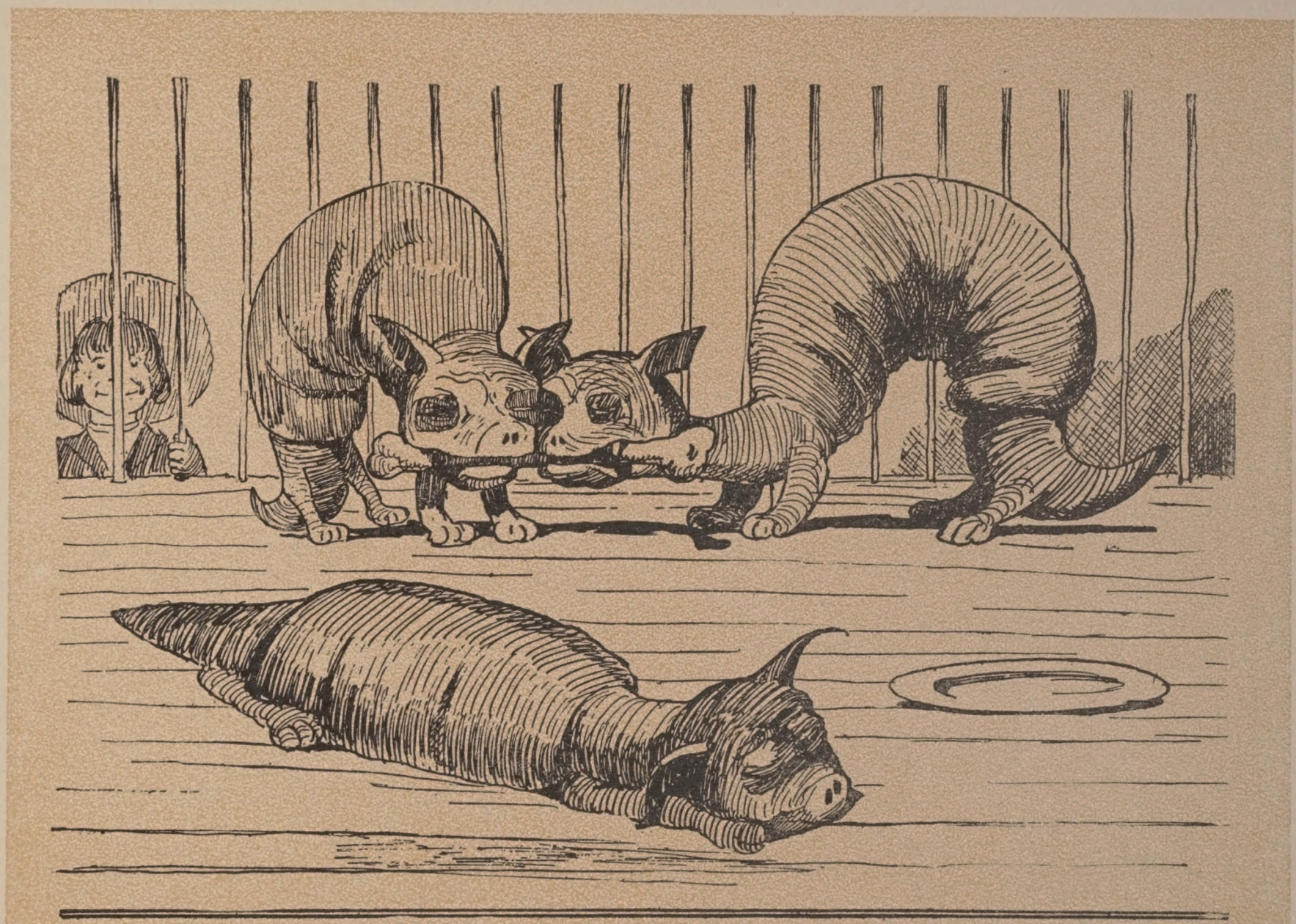
He governs the yawl
With his ratchet and pawl,
And is sold with a year's guarantee.



The Ogee

The Geet

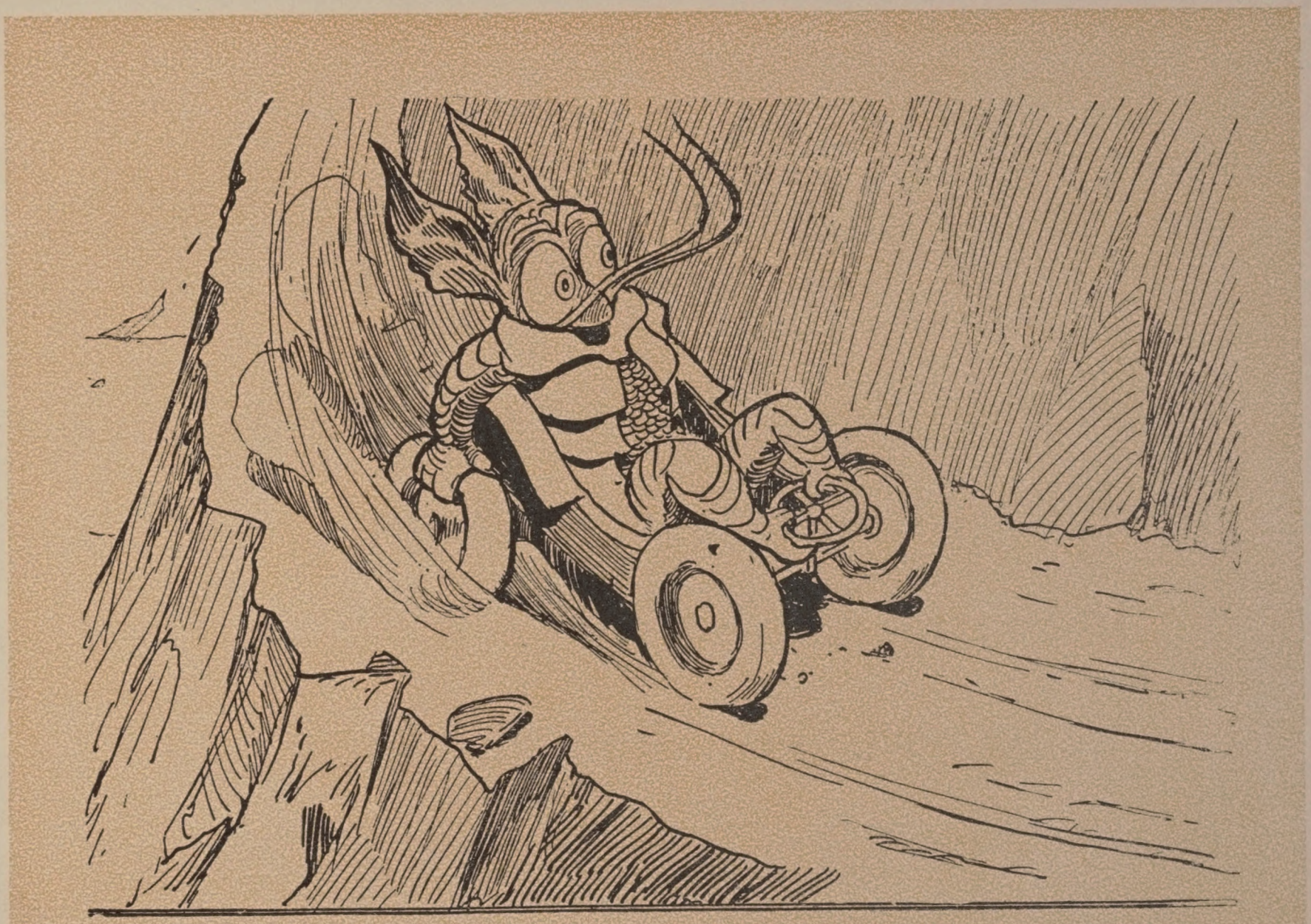
THE curious cubs of the Geet
Do nothing but slumber and eat.
It takes barrels of food
To do them much good,
For they're hollow way down to their feet.



The Geet

The Skweel

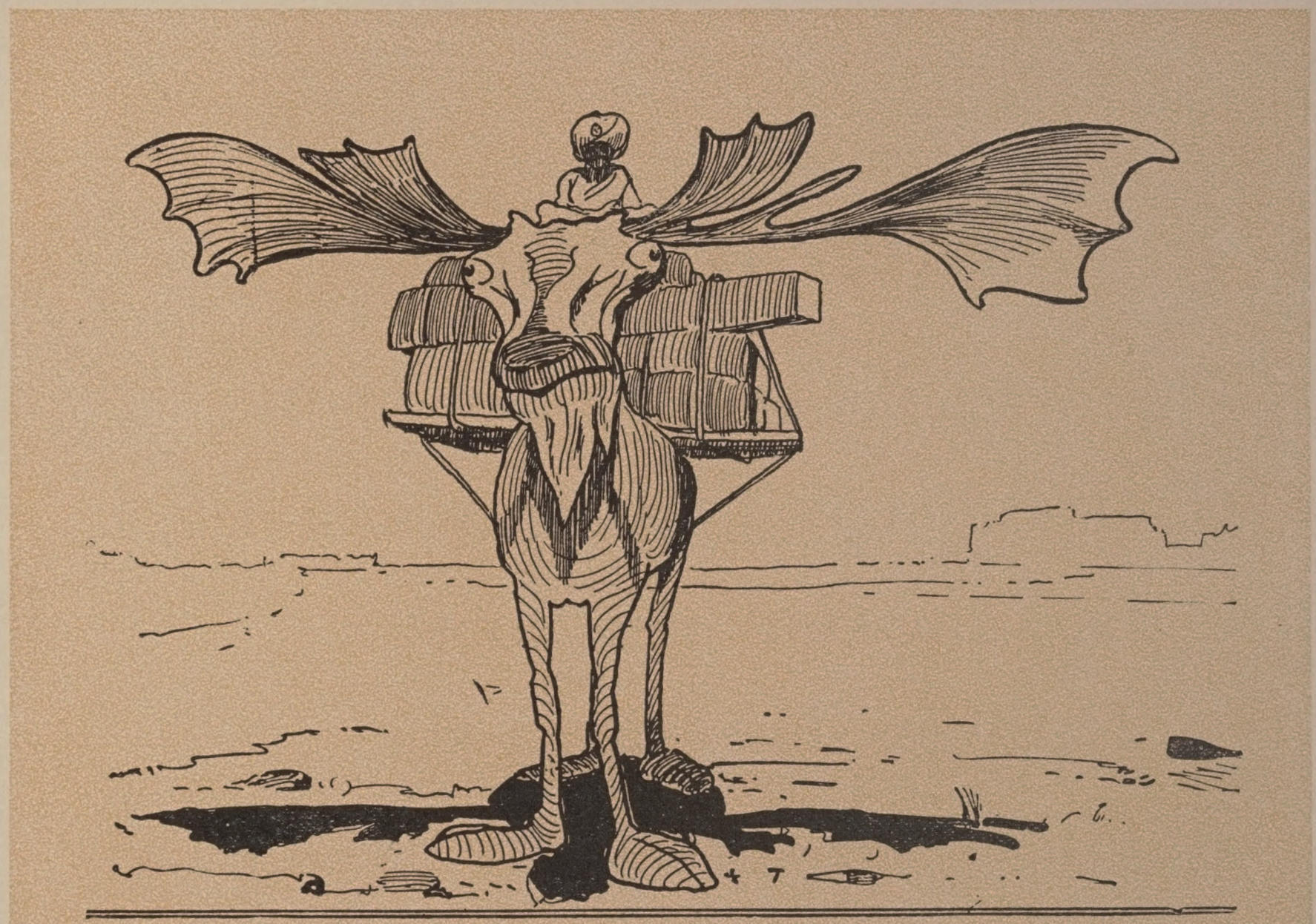
HERE'S a shot at the talented Skweel,
In his own special automobile,
Showing not only nerve
As he swings round the curve,
But his perfect control of the wheel.



The Skweel

The Jeigh

In Persia the overworked Jeigh
Travels hundreds of miles in a day;
He's the kind of a moose
That can stand much abuse,
And they haven't an S. P. C. A.



The Jeigh

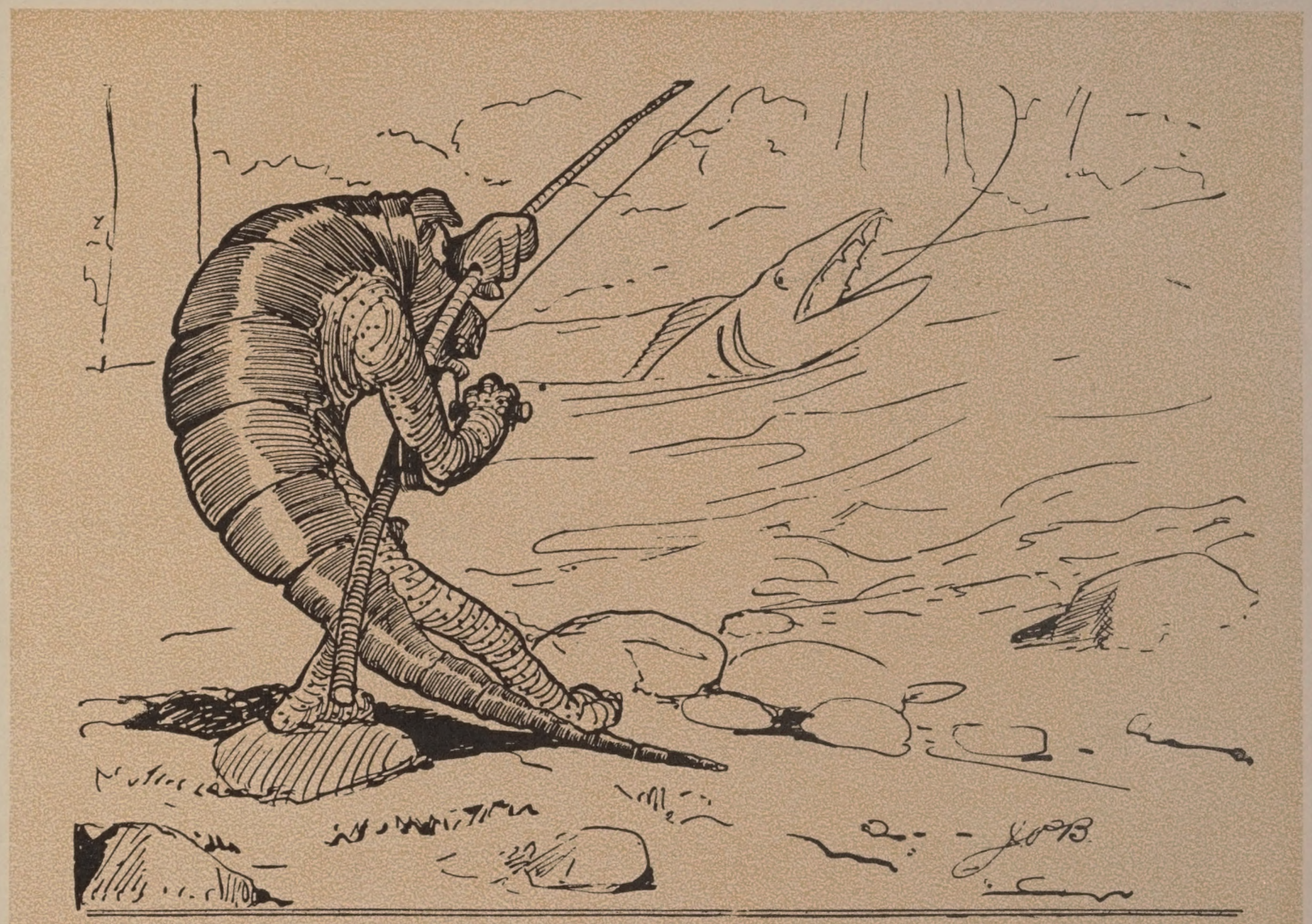
The Bazeen

When the vessels that pass in the night
See the weird old Bazeen with his light,
Then the sailormen know
It is going to snow
And they button their overcoats tight.

The Bazeen

The Jank

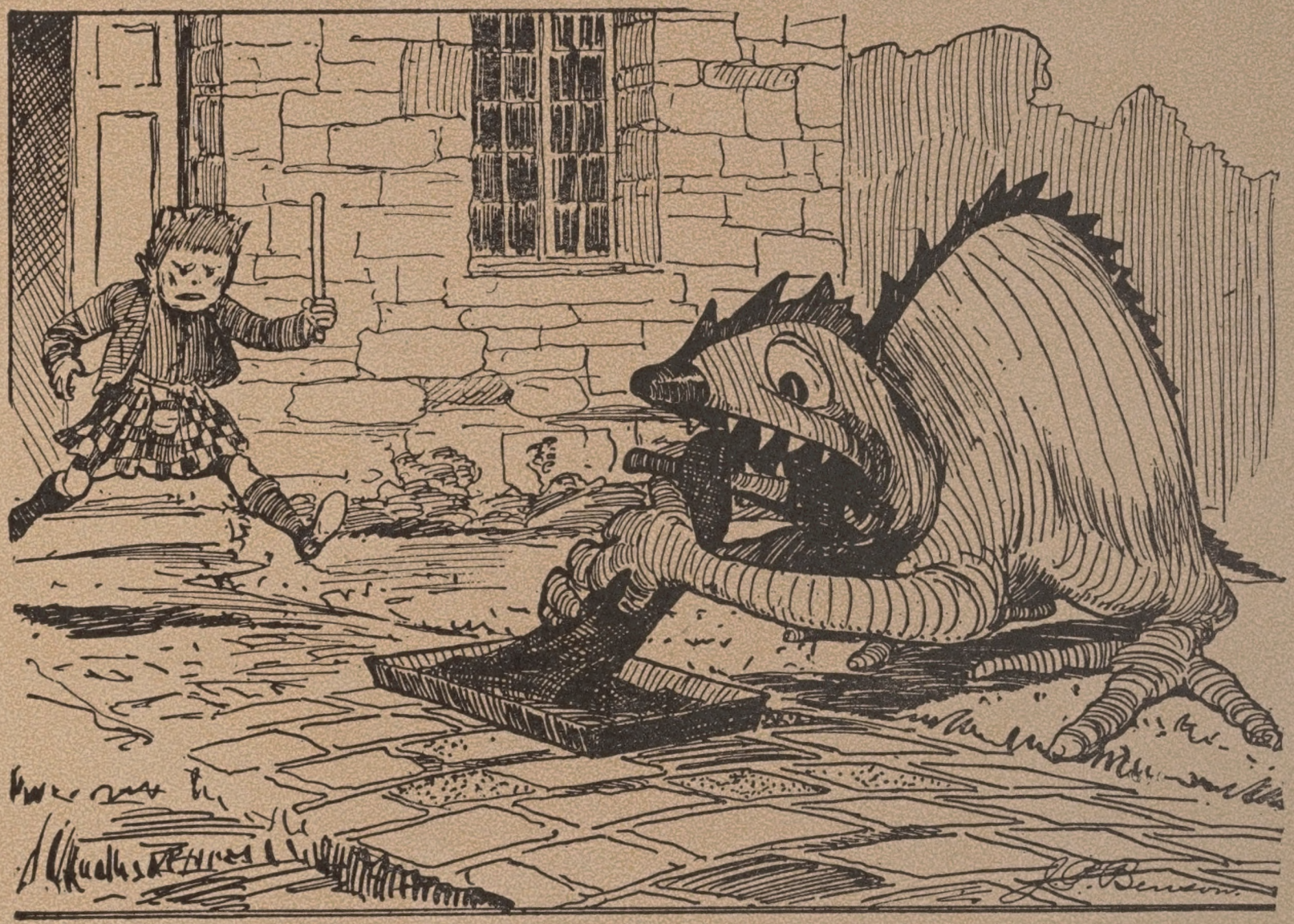
"I SUPPOSE I am getting on fine,"
Said the Jank as he hauled at the line
"But using a winch
For amusement's no cinch—
In vacation, small weakfish for mine."



The Jank

The Dredge

When he made butterscotch, little Sandy
Put it out near the door, good and handy,
And forgot that the Dredge,
That lives under the hedge,
Was abnormally partial to candy.



The Dredge

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